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The Week

THE Japanese descent upon Chinchow last week was cut short by the direct and peremptory intervention of America, England and France. Four trainloads of Japanese soldiers had already left Mukden and were moving southward, when the three governments acted. Japan incontinently surrendered, and a few hours later the Japanese troop trains were back in Mukden. It is probable that Japan expected a protest from England. The British, three days before, had advanced troops into the Chinchow area to protect the rich Kailan mining properties, of which Mr. Hoover, many years ago, was engineer. But evidently the Japanese had not anticipated that there would be an equally stiff protest from America. Nothing else can account for the wild outburst of Mr. Shira[illegible] section, against Mr. Stimson, in which, on the basis of an unofficial newspaper dispatch, he accused Mr. Stimson of "losing his head" and "flying into fulminations." Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang's forces have now evacuated Chinchow, but they are still in the vicinity, and there is no assurance that the Japanese army chiefs will not decide to defy America and England and launch a second attack to the south. If this happens, there will be nothing that our government can do about it. Short of a new world war, there is no sure way to stop the Japanese armies. The one vital factor in the situation continues to be the anti-Japanese boycott in China itself. According to the United States Commercial Attache at Tokio, Mr. M. A. Butts, exports of cotton textiles to China in October of this year dropped to 400,000 square yards, as compared with exports of 46,000,000 square yards in October, 1930. Five hundred and thirty-four vessels, with a total of 291,000 tons, are now tied up at Japanese wharves. This is the result of only one month of the Chinese boycott. It seems a safe assumption that by next spring the Japanese public will be far less enamored of military adventure, and that whatever Japanese government is then in power will be far more conciliatory. China, America and England have everything to gain by a pacifist, waiting policy.

PREMIER Laval's assertion, supported by the French Chamber of Deputies, that reparations payments must have priority over payment of German private debts, emphasizes the split between the French on the one hand and, on the other, the British and Americans, to whom most of the private debts are due. This, in theory, is a serious dispute, but try as we may, we cannot read any economic reality into it. If Germany had not borrowed from British and American citizens she could not have paid reparations to France in the past; if these loans are defaulted because of an attempt to put reparations first, she cannot borrow any more, and in that case it is unlikely that France will actually receive the reparations to which she asserts legal title. Moreover, it is inconceivable to us that

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and whatever favorable balance of international payments she may permanently develop is known to be available to pay back her private obligations. Certainly any such loans could be made only on the basis of sheer economic stupidity. Cancellation of reparations is the first essential of recovery in Germany. The question is not whether France is to get reparations; she will not collect them in any case. The question is whether France, by insisting upon trying to collect, will prevent Germany from repaying any of her private debts as well.

THE breaking up of the Paris pacifist congress last week by a gang of French fascists was a thoroughly discouraging episode. It is the latest in a series of disasters which have accompanied preparations for next February's disarmament conference at Geneva. The first calamity was the beginning of Japan's mad military adventure in Manchuria. Then came the English general elections, in which the prestige of Uncle Arthur Henderson, the conference's chairman, was badly dented. This was followed by the White House conversations between Mr. Hoover and M. Laval, and the consequent relaxation of Mr. Hoover's pressure upon Europe to reduce its armaments. Now the largest and most representative pacifist gathering ever assembled, with more than a thousand delegates from thirty countries, has ended in rioting and fistfights. Even though the professional trouble makers who call themselves "The King's Henchmen" and write for L'Action Française or Coty's Figaro, count for little in French politics, the way in which the public fell in with their spirit was significant. Even more ominous than the mob manifestation was the studied indifference of the government authorities to the whole disgraceful proceedings—an indifference which might be interpreted as tacit support. People and government together, one is driven to conclude, have swung sharply to the Right in defense of the famous thesis of national security for France against that of European unity.

NEARLY a month has elapsed since the presidential election in Argentina, yet the counting of ballots is still far from complete. It is becoming evident, however, that General Augustin Justo is sufficiently ahead to ensure his election, which was more or less predetermined by the fact that he was the candidate of General Uriburu, the present dictator. The issues were confused. Dr. Lisandro de la Torre, the opposing candidate, is a wealthy landlord and a conservative, yet he received the support of many liberals who hoped to avoid having another soldier as President. General Justo, for his part, was one of the outstanding leaders in the successful revolt against the former President Irigoyen; subsequently he assumed the post of Inspector General of the Army under the Uriburu regime. Dissatisfied, however, with the policies of Uriburu, who persisted in establishing a dictatorship, he resigned and became ported by the Radical party, the National Democratic party (Conservative) and the Independent Socialist party. After the disastrous defeat of the Conservative party at the gubernatorial election in the province of Buenos Aires, Uriburu himself came finally to his support. The election of General Justo probably means the continuance of a regime of force, for his presidential career rests on such a confusion of principles and alliances that only a determined militaristic policy can keep him in power.

THE widely advertised discovery of the Secret Service that the unemployed march on Washington was really organized by the Communists leads to the conclusion that in this case the Secret Service was operating not as a body of detectives but as a publicity agency for the administration. In the first place, the secret discovered was no secret at all; anyone who ever sees any of the published Communist literature must have been aware that party agencies were back of the demonstration. In the second place, the administration, which for so long was bent on minimizing the volume of unemployment, is now bent on minimizing the suffering that it causes and the inadequacy of its cherished plan of relief through doles from local private charity. The logic of the publicity is simple—since the appeal for federal aid is in this case backed by Communists, there is no need for federal aid; the major premise being that Communists are always 100-percent wrong. Anyone who responds to appeals to contribute to this march—as for instance to the letter in the correspondence columns in this issue of The New Republic—should be forewarned that his money is to be used for Communist propaganda. Nevertheless, it appears to us that the existence of unemployment and destitution is always a legitimate opportunity for the most revolutionary elements in society. It is invariably exploited by those elements, whatever at the moment they happen to be; in 1914 the I. W. W. were organizing the unemployed. And we do not see that the present ruling forces in society can be injured by the reminder that if they allow discontent over such bitter injustices to become deep enough and widespread enough, they must in the end give way before others who are more willing or more capable to act.

MAYOR Walker's spectacular entrance into the Mooney case, hailed as the most courageous act of his career, has revived hope for the early release of Tom Mooney, but at the same time has inserted into the picture all the disturbing elements of a "Walker case." Is it a campaign to save Jimmie Walker, in the sense of restoring him to popularity among a large element of the public? Or, to speak in military terms, is it a diversion along the flanks in order to deaden the effects of the Seabury committee's frontal attack upon Tammany in New York? And finally, did Walker, hitherto remark-

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some foreknowledge—as a personal friend of Governor Rolph's—that his adventure would turn out well? At any rate, the effects of Mayor Walker's intervention have been distinct: when he arrived in San Francisco he received no such ovation as on previous visits. The local press, for the most part, opened hostilities at once, denouncing the "impudent invasion of the ballyhoo and notoriety seeker" from New York who, but yesterday, was greeted with admiration by all Californians. Thus, a certain martyrdom has been inflicted upon Walker, thanks to his new role as defender of the imprisoned labor leader; it is an experience familiar to Mooney's champions, these fifteen years, but wholly new to the Tammany politician. It is obvious that, however mixed his motives may be, Jimmie Walker has acted with a certain dignity and restraint. He has been able, as almost no one else, to focus the attention of the whole country upon the Mooney case, and for this act alone he merits, as Mr. Paul Blanshard has observed, "some forgiveness for his minor sins." For his "major sins," of being implicated in the great political and financial racket that centers in Tammany Hall, he will still have to answer, no matter what the outcome of his *beau geste* on behalf of Tom Mooney.

THEODORE G. BILBO, the fire-eating Governor of Mississippi, whose introduction of the spoils system into the state universities and colleges was discussed last year in The New Republic, now seems to be suffering from pangs of remorse. At present he is making frantic gestures of compromise toward the Southern Association of Colleges, which banned the Mississippi state educational institutions from membership after the Governor had replaced 179 members of the faculty with a nondescript collection of political favorites whose principal qualification seems to have been that they had voted right in a previous election. Governor Bilbo, in a recent message to the state legislature, recommends that the governing boards of the educational institutions be reorganized, in order that the Southern Association of Colleges may see its way clear to restoring the Mississippi colleges to a grade A standing. At the present moment it is impossible to say what demands the Association will make before doing so. However, it is difficult to see how it can demand much less than the reinstatement of the discharged professors and a guarantee that henceforth the spoils system, which Governor Bilbo stands guilty of having introduced into the state colleges and universities, will not again be practised by him or by any other political careerist.

GOVERNOR Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania is one of the few public men who have spoken out candidly on the question of federal as against local unemployment relief. In a speech at Washington, November 30, 1931, he summed up the overwhelming issue of the day as being "release for the rich or relief for the poor." "In the name of those who are overburdened," the Governor of Pennsylvania demands that top rates of income estate taxes be raised enough to pay for federal relief of the unemployed, and that the Treasury plan for a sales tax and for increasing lower-bracket taxes should be abandoned. Incidentally, Governor Pinchot's vigorous criticisms of the present methods of local relief as inadequate and unequal are interesting in view of the latest reports of the Russell Sage Foundation. Private charity provided for less than 23 percent of relief during September; and in this month there was still a marked and unseasonable rise in relief operations. Reports for the first six months of 1931, from New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles and Philadelphia, show that relief expenditures have ranged from 319 to 613 percent of those in the same period of 1929. "It is no local crisis, no state crisis," Governor Pinchot concludes. "It is nationwide."

YALE 51, Princeton 14. The game itself was more interesting than the one-sided score would indicate; the very weakness of the Princeton team gave Yale a chance to try—and even execute—the reckless, sensational plays that rarely appear in a big game; Princeton too had moments when it functioned brilliantly; but considered as a crowd spectacle the occasion was a flop. The crowds simply didn't come. In the parking places outside the Bowl, the collection of long, low, rakish cars was shorter and sparser and less rakish than in former years. There were ticket booths at the various entrances—a shock to the old graduates who could not remember the day when tickets to a Yale-Princeton game had been placed on public sale. The Bowl itself was about half-filled; there were vast stretches of empty benches covered with soggy snow. The spectators looked less prosperous than formerly: there was less color, less mink, otter, gray squirrel and raccoon; the animals of two continents were no longer being stripped to make this the greatest fur show in the world. Was the depression solely at fault? Was it the weakness of the Princeton team that kept the crowd away? One thought back to 1915, also a depression year, when Yale had one of the least successful teams in its history, and suffered its worst defeat from Harvard; yet every seat in the Harvard Stadium was occupied and the few tickets that reached the hands of the speculators were selling for $75 a pair. Could it be—one reflected as Yale made its sixth touchdown and a sparse wet snow began falling—that football was ceasing to be the big parade of the American upper classes?

IT IS not true that the publishing business, as certain statements have implied, has been flourishing mightily during the depression. It has probably suffered less than other businesses, but still its total volume has been cut. People are certainly not reading less—the prosperity of many rental libraries would indicate that they are reading more—yet

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they are buying fewer books. The statement needs amplification. Best-selling novels as a class have possibly suffered more than any other form of literary merchandise: there are instances in which an expected sale of seventy-five to a hundred thousand copies has materialized into an actual sale of ten or twenty thousand. Serious non-fiction has suffered too, though probably not to the same extent. Fair-to-average novels of the type that appeals to circulating libraries have suffered very little, if at all. Two sorts of books have been strikingly successful. The first consists of picture books, collections of humorous drawings with ribald or suggestive captions. The second consists of exposés, sour facts and sourer comments on our great political and financial leaders. "Washington Merry-Go-Round," "Scapegoats," "The Strange Career of President Hoover," "Oh Yeah" . . . these are the books which seem to define the tastes of a depression year—these and collections of somewhat stercoraceous pictures, like "The Stag at Eve." It would almost seem that the two passwords to popularity are "sour" and "dirty," until one reflects that "Mourning Becomes Electra" is also a best seller, and that the public for serious works of art is relatively unaffected by any depression.

Where the Farm Board Has Failed

As the Federal Farm Board comes before the bar of judgment—in hearings of the Senate Committee on Agriculture—all its enemies will do their best to discredit it. The enemies are of many sorts and have many motives, and the evidence they produce will be varied. The hearings have already brought into the picture extremely high salaries paid to officials of Farm Board agencies; the testimony may go on to other types of irregularities in procedure. But behind these details we should not lose sight of the fundamental issue. What has the Board accomplished for agricultural relief? Eventually it will stand or fall with the answer to this question.

It will be remembered that the Agricultural Marketing Act of 1928 and the Federal Farm Board were measures fathered by this administration, not forced upon it by anyone else. For years the organized farm forces had been crying for relief, but this was not the type of relief they had sought. Agriculture, they said, was at a disadvantage in relation to industry. This disadvantage was caused largely by the unequal effect of the tariff. Industrial prices were kept high by protection, whereas import duties could not be effective on wheat, cotton or other major farm products, of which we produce exportable surpluses. The McNary-Haugen bill was devised to remedy this inequality by a machinery for separate marketing of exports, which would allow the tariff to be effective on that part of the crops destined for domestic consumption. It was killed by a Coolidge veto. The export debenture was another proposal to achieve the same end. The bill embodying it was killed by a Hoover veto. These had been the two chief rallying points of agrarian unrest.

During his campaign Mr. Hoover promised farm relief of his own brand by means of, first, higher tariffs on agricultural products, second, better organization of agricultural markets. He promised to call a special session of Congress to enact this relief. He did so. The tariff outcome was the notorious Smoot-Hawley bill, which not only increased the duties on some agricultural products—although the existing duties were for the most part without effect on prices—but still further increased the duties on manufactured products. The farmers were double-crossed in this part of the promise, even supposing that protection could have helped. Congress then, after a vain attempt to get Mr. Hoover to accept the debenture, which might have put some substance into agricultural tariffs, passed Mr. Hoover's own bill instituting the Federal Farm Board.

The Board was given broad powers, but main emphasis has so far been placed by it upon two. One is to build up coöperative marketing agencies; the other, to help stabilize prices, either by loaning money to the coöperatives so that they may be financed in holding crops off the market, or by forming, in emergencies, stabilization corporations which can, with government money, buy and hold crops.

It is too early to pass judgment on the Board's activities in encouraging farm coöperatives. It reports that since its formation, the number of cooperatives has increased by 500, and that business transacted by these agencies has increased by $100,000,000—the total coöperative volume during the past year being $2,400,000,000. This is a considerable increase, in view of the drop in prices. But the full story of the formation of central marketing agencies by the Board has yet to be told. And we shall have to wait several years to find out how soundly and permanently built the coöperatives imposed on the farmers from above can be.

It is not too early, however, to pass judgment on the price-stabilization work of the Board. In spite of everything done in this direction, prices of wheat and cotton have fallen to levels below, or not far above, the lowest figures on record. They have fallen far more than the prices of manufactured goods, more, indeed, than any prices outside the class of raw materials. Such is the result to the farmers. Chairman Stone asserts that without the work of the Board prices would have fallen even more than they did, and still greater disaster than has already occurred would have come to banks and financial organizations. Nobody can prove that he is wrong; but the record certainly does not establish a positive case for this brand of farm relief.

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Meanwhile, the cost of what has been done is great. The Grain Stabilization Corporation has bought 329,641,052 bushels of wheat, at an average price of eighty-one and ninety-seven one-hundredths cents a bushel, and still has on hand 189,656,187 bushels. Prices of wheat are now between fifty and sixty cents. The Cotton Stabilization Corporation has bought 1,319,809 bales of cotton at an average price of sixteen and thirty-eight one-hundredths cents a pound. It still has on hand 1,310,789 bales, while cotton is selling at about six cents a pound. If these stocks were sold now, tremendous losses would be incurred. The longer they are held, the higher the carrying charges will pile up. There is little chance that prices of either wheat or cotton will come back far enough and quickly enough so that the taxpayer will escape a substantial loss. We should not object to a subsidy for farmers paid out of taxes as an emergency measure, but when the loss of the taxpayers carries no visible benefit to the farmers, it is scarcely worth while.

The basic theory of stabilization is simple. It was described by The New Republic when the Farm Board was created, and on the basis of this theory we predicted that it would not succeed, under the circumstances. If prices are temporarily low through an abnormally large crop *which is not likely soon to be duplicated,* it would be possible, by buying and holding off the market enough of the crop, to sustain prices. Then the holdings might be sold without loss at a future period when supply was smaller in relation to demand. This remedy would be effective in smoothing out price variations due to weather conditions and varying yields. But if the price difficulty is caused by *persistent overproduction* in relation to demand, stabilization is worse than useless. Either it temporarily succeeds in maintaining prices, in which case it encourages more production and makes the eventual crash worse, or it does not succeed in maintaining prices, and thus throws money down a bottomless hole. The only cures for persistent overproduction lie in restriction of output plus such expansion of demand as may be possible. And most informed analyses of our wheat situation showed that this was the real nature of our difficulty.

Nevertheless, the Farm Board, at the time of the stock-market panic in October, 1929, announced that wheat and cotton prices were too low, and loaned money to its wheat coöperatives to buy wheat selling from $1.18 to $1.25 a bushel, and to its cotton coöperatives to buy cotton at sixteen cents a pound. These loans amounted to 100 percent of the value of the purchases. The borrowing cooperatives naturally faced serious trouble as prices went on sinking. In the early part of 1930, in order to rescue them, the Board was forced to form stabilization corporations to take their holdings off their hands at the prices paid, and also to try to bring up prices in the markets by further buying. Meanwhile, of course, any confidence which the farmers had in the Board prompted them to plant as much as usual, rather than to restrict their output.

Then the Board, in view of the continued fall of prices, stopped buying, and concentrated its efforts on attempts to restrict plantings. But there was no machinery for restriction. Eloquence addressed to competitive growers had little tangible result. This outcome was also predicted by everyone familiar with similar efforts in the past. Indeed, so hopeless was the attempt to restrict production by preaching that many suspected the Board of engaging in the campaign merely for political purposes. This was a way of passing the buck. If the farmers did not restrict, the Board could blame its failure on their refusal to follow its advice.

In spite of the previous experience with stabilization and in spite of the Board's admitted knowledge that the only way out was to limit output, it succumbed to pressure and again purchased large quantities of wheat in the winter of 1930-31. Though it stopped buying in May, 1931, uncertainty as to when it would sell what it had bought proved a disturbing factor in the market all summer. There was no official information even as to how much it had bought and how much it was selling.

The failure of stabilization as a farm-relief measure is, in our opinion, completely established. It might be helpful under other circumstances, but only as a detail of a much broader and more fundamental policy. But the failure of stabilization is not a failure of the whole Farm Board program, which might develop usefully along other lines. Even more emphatically, it is not a failure of "socialism" or of "government in business." The trouble is that it is a superficial nostrum, tacked on top of an unplanned and disordered competitive system. The experiment was perhaps worth making, in spite of the well founded doubts of its success expressed at the beginning, because its failure is turning attention to the main job of bringing some planning and order into the underlying competitive chaos. That job cannot be done quickly enough to bring emergency relief, but it may, if it is aggressively pursued, forestall the need for more emergency relief twenty-five or fifty years hence.

Too Many People?

A SINGLE-TAX correspondent of The New Republic has written to rebuke us for our editorial about the loss of life in China following the floods and typhoon. In our article we stated that the great number of deaths was at least partly due to the overpopulation of the lower river valleys in China, and that the practice of birth control by the Chinese, however serious the difficulties in the path of those seeking to introduce the practice, would in the long run be both desirable and necessary. Our single-tax friend, dividing the total area

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of China by the total population, triumphantly discovers that the density of population per square mile is not excessive, and assures us that we are all wrong; that if the Chinese people were permitted access to the land, through the application of the single-tax, and did not suffer the iniquities of landlordism, their lot would be a happy one.

Our editorial statement was evidently too condensed, and perhaps has left an erroneous impression in the minds of others. Birth control is obviously not a universal panacea for all human ills, any more than is the single tax, and it is only the fanatical adherents of one or the other of these worthy causes who so consider them. In the case of China, it is undoubtedly true that certain regions of the country are densely overpopulated by any human standard. Merely to divide the total number of square miles (which no one knows accurately) by the total number of people (which is still more uncertain, since current estimates may be erroneous by as much as fifty or seventy-five million) is to ignore several important facts. Allowance should be made for the existence of wide deserts and other non-arable regions; for districts where unwise agricultural methods have destroyed the fertility of the soil, and even for great areas of land devoted to graveyards, which are particularly important in the Chinese philosophy. Moreover, transportation is so inadequate that it is entirely possible to have surplus food in one part of China and famine conditions in another. It is doubtful whether there is any country in the world in which landlordism does less to keep soil out of use than in China, where the pressure of the human population is so great that land cannot even be spared for the grazing of draft animals. Our single-tax friend uses a bad illustration to bolster a pretty good case.

As our readers know, experts in population questions have long been discussing the problem of what constitutes the optimum density—the number of persons per square mile most desirable in order to give to each the greatest chance for a happy and successful life. It is obvious that there can be no rough-and-ready rule in this matter. The optimum population will be one thing in the city, and another in the country; it will depend upon the climate, the character of the chief industries or, in agricultural regions, upon the types of crops and the methods of tillage employed. It will even depend to some extent upon the ways of life to which the people of various countries are habituated; the American farmer, for instance, wants to live in an isolated house upon his own land, while the French peasant invariably prefers to flock with his fellows in a village.

In most parts of the world, in recent centuries, population has been increasing from decade to decade, and the national economy has been adjusted to this fact. In the United States, for example, this has been so completely true that any business which has not expanded from year to year has been considered a failure. If our population becomes stationary, as there is every reason to believe that it will within the next thirty or forty years, profound and painful changes will be necessary. Those who manufacture goods for the young must curtail their enterprises or perhaps even go out of business; the types of housing, of recreational activities and a host of other things which have been characteristic of our past, must be remodeled. Instead of building new schools and colleges, for instance, we shall probably need to abandon some which already exist.

It is small wonder that, faced by such an ordeal, many economists argue that the optimum population is one which goes on growing indefinitely. In this theory they have the support of the Catholic Church and of certain Protestant sects. Nothing is more painful than to watch the lucubrations of an intelligent Catholic social scientist, whose thinking is rigidly confined by a medieval philosophy which has no possible validity under present conditions, and who uses the ingenuity of a hypnotic subject to justify his impossible position. The Catholics are right, of course, when they say that diminution of population by artificial means should not become a substitute for social justice. The catch lies in the fact that they can do so little to bring social justice about, while they condone the swarming population in the slums of our great cities which lends itself so readily to industrial exploitation.

No one can say at present how many people the world might support in comfort if all its resources were used with a maximum of intelligence and fairness. No one knows how much the limits may be pushed back by new inventions in the fields of physics and chemistry. In the meantime, however, and in the present state of civilization, we can say that certain parts of the world are grievously overpopulated, that artificial restriction on the birth rate is a desirable concomitant of whatever other plans for social amelioration may be adopted, and that by and large, the case for a stationary population seems better than that for increase or decline.

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A Postcard from Moscow

UP BY THE BOOTSTRAPS.—When the Bolshevist revolution took place in 1917, about one Russian in each three could read and write—or pretended that he could. On top of all their other troubles, therefore, the Communists have faced a heroic struggle for literacy, since the sort of society they envisage is impossible without it. Already a great part of this work has been accomplished, if their figures are to be accepted (and I see no reason for doubting them). Under the Five Year Plan they are proceeding with redoubled energy, and they hope and expect to reach the goal of approximately complete literacy within a few years.

Russia has burst out in a rash of new schools, both for children and adults. With the former, the two-platoon system is widely used, not because it is considered desirable in itself, but because (as in New York City) there are not enough buildings to permit each child to go to school all day long. For adults there are schools in factories, night schools galore, emergency schools in the villages, special Communist-party schools, some of which are of university rank. Adult education, of course, is not confined to reading and writing. Everybody in Russia is studying something—foreign languages, engineering, a new trade or technique. The desperate shortage of trained personnel of all kinds is an encouragement to such work, and technical institutes are growing up everywhere to meet the demand.

The Soviet educators have scoured the world for new pedagogical methods in the training of children, and the ideas of Dr. Dewey and other advocates of free education have had much influence on them. At one time the Dalton Plan was widely used, though it has now fallen into disfavor. The present method of training the younger children seems at first glance to have much in common with American progressive schools; in theory, at least, the children educate themselves while the teacher is present as a combination of referee and information bureau. But even as in American schools, this charming theory breaks down in practice under the painful necessity of getting something learned. It is also subject to the very important qualification that the aim of Russian education is at present not free development of a free personality, but the production of good little Communists who will play their part in a revolution which, far from being ended, is in the Russian view no more than well begun. As far as curriculum is concerned, the school begins with the future, goes on to the present, and uses the past chiefly and briefly to drive home the sins of capitalism and Tsarist autocracy. Whatever may be said of other things going on in Russia, the communization of the schools is certainly 100-percent successful. Ten years hence, the generation which will just be coming upon the stage as adults will be as loyal to Marxian principles as are perhaps 5 percent of the total population today.

Not so different.—Enemies of the U.S.S.R. of course hold up their hands in horror at what they call turning the schools into propaganda machines. But for consistency, they should be equally scandalized at the similar practices in the United States. The Communists, as I for one am heartily sick of hearing, have a religious devotion to their doctrine; and no religion which amounted to anything has ever failed to insist on rearing its young in its own way. How long would an orthodox Jew last, in the United States, if he preached his doctrines in a Catholic parochial school? How does the Russian policy differ from that expressed by the anti-evolution law in Tennessee and several other states? Answer: in its efficiency. The Russians simply do a better (a more ruthless) job of the same sort.

With a journalist's luck, I arrived in Leningrad on the day when the U.S.S.R. took the most important step regarding education in several years. Primary teachers were put into the first category, the top of the heap in Russia, receiving equality with the all-important factory worker. This means that ambitious young men and women will again seriously consider a career in education as a possible alternative to one in industry—something they have not done for a long time. The government also proposes to standardize and raise wages: the primary-school teachers will henceforth receive about ninety rubles a month. At the nominal exchange rate, this is $47; but as I suggested in a previous article, money rates mean next to nothing in Russia. As a member of the first category, the Russian teacher will buy his goods at lower prices and from larger stocks, as well as having a dozen other varieties of special privilege.

More than shooting.—In considering the Russian educational system, the Red army must not be overlooked. In theory, every youth must serve two years, beginning at twenty-one; but if, before that time, he has acquired a fairly good education, one year of his service is remitted. Most of the recruits, of course, are peasant boys who are illiterate or almost so; and their two years in the ranks are made the occasion for a highly concentrated educational effort. Not only are they taught to read and write, but they are given a trade; and needless to say, they are thoroughly imbued with socialism, so that even if they are not loyal to the regime when

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they go in, they are aggressively so when they come out.

A feature of the Russian education which is coming to be of vast importance is the application of "aptitude tests" and the subsequent shaping of each child's training in the light of their results. Broadly speaking, the choice of an occupation is already much more the result of these tests than of casual individual preference or family tradition. The examinations are given as early as the age of eight, and are repeated from time to time throughout the school course; at several places in the curriculum an opportunity is made for selected pupils to be drained off into special vocational schools, where they will stay for varying periods depending upon the nature of the vocation in each case and the special abilities or disabilities of the individual in question.

These tests are given and the findings followed, not only in choosing workers for industrial occupations, but for the arts. There are, for instance, careful tests for musical aptitude; and those who receive high scores are drawn off into special institutions where they are educated, entirely at the cost of the State, if that is necessary, to become the composers and performers of music for the next generation. American musicians who have had the chance to see the workings of this scheme in detail, and to hear the new music which is being composed under its auspices, are enthusiastic about it to the point of frenzied jealousy that there is no equivalent at home.

Words, words, words.—As might be expected, the educational effort has been accompanied by an enormous increase in the consumption of books, magazines and newspapers. The circulation of dailies seems to be limited only by the amount of print-paper available; and to an American this fact is doubly remarkable in that the contents of these journals, devoted so largely to the technical progress of the Five Year Plan, seem about as thrilling as an average issue of The Engineering News-Record. "Wall newspapers" hang in every factory and in all sorts of other institutions (there is one, for instance, in the Moscow rescue home for prostitutes), and have a combined annual circulation which must run into billions. Magazines circulate in relative abundance, but they are not the miscellaneous repositories with which we are familiar at home. They resemble much more our trade and technical press, being devoted to special interests of special groups. This is also more or less true of the books and pamphlets which issue from the presses of the State publishing trust in enormous quantities.

Many Americans were doubtless startled when Boris Pilnyak, the Russian novelist, remarked in the course of his recent visit that he was probably the richest man in the U.S.S.R. Nevertheless, the statement might easily be true. Russian artists of [illegible] have been since long before the system was generally introduced into industry and recognized in Stalin's famous speech of five months ago. An author of books or composer of music gets royalties just as in America; an artist or sculptor is paid for each piece of work in accordance with the bargain he is able to drive, which depends, again, upon his reputation and the intrinsic merit of his work. The payment made to Russian authors is in sharp contrast, it must be noted, with that given to foreigners whose works are translated and published. Except in a few cases where a writer has been able to drive an individual bargain with the State publishing house, these works are pirated without compensation—a situation which few Russians will defend except upon grounds of temporary necessity, and one which seems likely to be remedied before very long.

The Communist goes to the play.—Russians have always been fond of the theatre, and have suffered no diminution of their allegiance. All the old playhouses are open, and many new ones, and they are packed to the roof every night of the week. The Moscow Art Theatre continues to do the work which has made it, by general agreement, first in the world. I am assured that the ballet has suffered no impairment since the old days, and can testify that witnessing a performance was for me one of the great emotional experiences of a lifetime. The opera is equally nurtured and with equal result. Even the semi-amateur performances of the workers' theatres, and such propaganda vaudeville as "The Blue Blouse," are full of individual bits of impersonation any one of which, in America, would probably make its creator famous for life.

In the Art Theatre, ballet and opera, the masterpieces of the past continue to be given in the traditional manner; but the new plays are of course primarily propaganda to help carry on the warfare against all enemies of socialism and the Five Year Plan. The argument as to whether the finest art is possible under these circumstances is one which will very likely last forever; and I have neither space nor inclination to enter upon it here. The six or seven plays and motion pictures which I have seen, in which propaganda was the dominating element, were certainly thoroughly inferior from every standpoint except that of general tempo and individual performance; but I have also seen bad art in America when there was no intention to propagandize for anything except more money at the box office.

Some of the ablest Russian playwrights and motion-picture producers are solving (or evading) the problem by writing in historical terms either of the October, 1917, revolution or of previous abortive attempts at revolt in Russia's long, bloody history. Thus, one of the finest pieces in the present repertory of the Moscow Art Theatre, "The Armored [illegible]" deals with an incident in eastern Siberia at

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the time of the counter-revolutionary efforts of Kolchak. It is a rapidly moving melodrama: Red partisans throw themselves on the railroad track to prevent the passage of the Whites' military train, Japanese spies ferret out a Socialist commissar and shoot him, a Canadian soldier, captured by the Reds, is about to be executed when, although he speaks no Russian, he reacts properly to the magic name of Lenin; and so on. The play is better than it sounds in this summary, and performed in the incomparable style of the Art Theatre it becomes an unforgettable experience. . . . The same trick of offering revolutionary history is performed much less happily in a number of recent motion pictures dealing with various peasant revolts of the past three hundred years. Those which I have seen were unspeakable in story, direction, acting and, above all, in lighting. However, one new picture which I have been unable as yet to see, dealing with the life of the "wild boys" of ten years ago, has elicited frenzied enthusiasm not only in Russia but in Germany.

Museums for dead capitalism.—The foreign visitor to Russia notices at once the long line of empty, or almost empty, shop windows: even those institutions which are still open have so few goods that the Russians have nicknamed them "museum stores"—"You just go in, look around a while, and come out again." It is, however, absurd to suppose that these empty windows are indicative of the economic difficulties which are being experienced. For the simple fact is that retail distribution in Russia no longer uses these places. The great bulk of the goods go to the coöperatives, the factory stores and other special depots, and are handed over to the customer as fast as they come in. When you think about this, you realize that shop windows piled high with purchasable things, such as are universal in America and other capitalist countries, are actually a terrific economic waste. Goods worth many millions of dollars remain on display, sometimes for long periods, serving primarily as a mere advertisement of themselves. Russia's boarded-up or empty shop windows represent the elimination of all that loss of interest on capital investment. To be sure, she will experience some of it again when she gets back from a scarcity to a surplus economy, but even then, her waste will probably be but a tiny fraction of that seen in those lands which are still (at least partially) addicted to laissez-faire.

The Soviet government, in its present endeavor to lure in foreign visitors and obtain their *valuta* for the benefit of its own import trade, has created a situation which to the tourist seems like madness, although it is in fact perfectly sensible. He visits the free public market and sees gloves, for instance, on sale (and actually being bought) at $5 or $6 a pair (ten or twelve rubles); and then he goes into the "Torgsin" stores, which now exist in all the dise on sale in large quantities, at reasonable New York prices—but for foreign currency only; no rubles accepted. He pays "Intourist," the highly efficient Soviet travel bureau, perhaps $15 a day for his visit, which includes among other things room and board in an excellent hotel; and then he adds up the prices (in rubles) of what he eats in the dining-room and discovers that *a la carte* the meals alone would cost him perhaps $30 or $40 a day!

Does this mean that the ruble is inflated within Russia as it is in the smugglers' market of Warsaw, where it can be bought for 10 percent of its nominal value? Not necessarily; a ruble in Russia is just as hard to earn as fifty cents in America. What it does mean is that the tourist is placed, temporarily, in a preferred category of the population, both when he buys food in the hotel and when he shops in "Torgsin." But the Russian who, with rubles, eats in the same hotel or buys gloves in the free market, is sharing in the extremely limited quantity of things left over after the great bulk of the population has had at least its most urgent needs satisfied on a rationing basis.

The new paradise of tourism.—More than 5,000 tourists visited Russia this summer, 90 percent of them Americans. Next summer it is expected that the number will be at least twice, perhaps three times, as large. Those who feel a little squeamish about coming to a country where so many persons are underfed, lest they take sustenance from the mouths of the hungry, may console themselves with the reflection that every American dollar spent in Russia by a tourist makes it possible for the government to forgo the export of a dollar's worth of produce (much of it food) which can then be released for consumption by the Russians. Railroad travel is quite as easy and pleasant (if you stick to the main routes) as it is in western Europe; hotel accommodations are perfectly comfortable. The diet offered to the petted tourist is far better than what the average Russian gets; and while it is still a little plain and monotonous, it involves no serious hardship.

The art treasures of Moscow and Leningrad are incomparable; the museums which record the life of Tsarist days have unbelievably rich collections, while the contemporary museums which tell the story of the revolutions of 1917, Lenin's life, and so on, give a panorama of current history which to the average American is far more interesting than the dead glories of Versailles and Sans Souci. . . . In addition to which, the tourist may occupy, temporarily, a ringside seat at one of the greatest dramas of all time, the fashioning of a new social order out of old chaos, and a new order, moreover, which offers a life-and-death challenge to the existing scheme of things elsewhere. What more can he ask for his dollar?

BRUCE BLIVEN

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The City of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels: II

THE REVEREND Bob Shuler was born in a log cabin in the Blue Ridge. His people were mountain whites, all poor and most of them illiterate. As a boy, he worked with oxen in the fields. His clothes were made by his mother on a spinning-wheel out of flax grown behind the barn.

Bob's father had never gotten beyond the second reader, but he had always wanted to be a minister and at thirty he worked for a degree at the Elm Creek Academy, while Mrs. Shuler took in boarders and Bob sold papers on the campus. They papered their new house, a two-room shack that had belonged to a nigger blacksmith, with the copies of The Toledo Blade and The Cincinnati Post that Bob hadn't been able to sell; and Bob read them all carefully on the walls. He wanted to be a circuit rider, too.

He tramped the railroads hunting jobs, cut wood behind back doors for handouts, hoed corn, peddled stereoscopic views, worked at logging camps and finally taught two country schools. He worked his way through a Methodist college and at seventeen was licensed to preach.

He preached the Methodist gospel in the coal-mining towns of Virginia and Tennessee. At twenty-five, he married the only daughter of a family that had a big wheat plantation and a big brick house that was one of the show places of the county. The next year he was transferred to Texas to take charge of a small circuit of churches at a dollar a day, but the second year he was earning a thousand dollars.

He became more and more successful in Texas, but he was so hot against the saloons and antagonized the drinkers and liquor interests so that the bishop didn't know what to do with him. The people he attacked used to get him into fist-fights and once he was prosecuted for libel. Finally he was called to Trinity Church in Los Angeles. Trinity Church had only 900 members and was $70,000 in debt and Bob Shuler has always believed that the bishop meant him to go down with the ship. But within thirty days the new pastor had raised $20,000. And in ten years the church membership had grown to 42,000 and the pastor through his genius for publicity, his passion for politics and his zeal, had become one of the most powerful persons in the city.

Bob Shuler first made the front page in Los Angeles with a sermon directed against certain high-

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charity bazaar given by the Shriners, won a ham on a wheel of fortune and had the proprietor arrested for running a gambling game. Later, tipped off that if he would wait on a certain night at the door of a certain night-club he would see something the public ought to know about, he caught the Los Angeles chief of police coming out with the wife and sister of a Mexican who was supposed to be wanted.

Now, out of the 3,000,000 people in Southern California, at least half come from the Middle Western farming states: there are 400,000 people from Iowa, 350,000 from Illinois and 300,000 from Missouri alone. And Bob Shuler managed a perfect appeal to these retired farmers and their families, who, finding themselves rich from their corn and wheat after the War, had come out to live in bungalows on the coast and to be bemused by the continual sun, but one of whose principal pastimes was still listening to sermons. Side by side with sporting oil millionaires, an exotic California underworld and the extravagances and romantics of Hollywood, they were delighted to have their imaginations stimulated with ideas of sexual and other vices at the same time that they were emphatically assured of their own superior righteousness and even allowed, as it were, to have a hand in bringing the wicked to judgment.

Furthermore, Shuler, for all his authority, persisted in remaining a plain person like themselves. With his round head, humorous eyes and brown hair brushed boyishly across his forehead, his thick-set figure and cylindrical-looking arms that moved dynamically as if all in one piece and with no trace of theatricality or sophistication, his quick alternations between ardent religious eloquence and the crackerbox vernacular of the backwoods, he seemed outspoken, homely, simple, earnest, as well as indefatigable, always ready, engaging and magnetic. And he lived plainly out at El Monte on a ten-acre farm, raising his own vegetables and stock. Reporters who called him up might be greeted by Mrs. Shuler with, "You'll never guess what we've been doing? We've just killed a pig and you ought to see my hands!"

"I came from the poorest of the poor," he would say, "I have been an underdog all my life and my sympathies and efforts will always be on the side of the common people. . . . I must be forgiven for wanting this city run in the interests of the common people for the benefit of those who need protec-

against the defenseless and friendless while he closes his eyes to the lawlessness of the rich and powerful"; and he was "against the third degree, against special assessment of the poor, against confiscation of humble homes for public improvements." "I've found very few millionaires," he would say, "who didn't get their money in a manner that I doubted if God could own or bless." He was indignant and severe in his intimations that his Baptist rival, Aimee McPherson, had diverted money raised for other purposes to her own luxurious living—on one occasion when she had elicited large contributions to provide a suitable monument for her husband's grave, getting the grave photographed several months afterwards and exhibiting to his congregation a picture which showed nothing but the small original headstone.

It was true that he defended the power interests and went yachting with one of the big public-utility men; but he assured his congregation that this particular millionaire was "right with God." And Trinity Church "took her place as God's messenger and Christ's ambassador in a wicked city."

In his crusade against local corruption, his public lent him enthusiastic support. First, an anonymous admirer in Pasadena supplied him with a private detective, who made it possible for him to delegate part of his labors of unearthing scandals about public men; and then, when this assistant was mysteriously withdrawn, a big auto-supply man came to his rescue and set him up to a whole corps of spies.

But the climax of Bob Shuler's triumph came on Christmas, 1926. A devout spinster who had made money in oil presented him with a private radio station; and his audience was thereafter multiplied until he had come to play for Southern California the part of a veritable voice of God. Starting with 200,000 new hearers, he is said to have acquired 100,000 more every year—one of the largest religious audiences in the world.

KGEF was dedicated, in Shuler's own words, to "spreading the gospel and advancing civic betterment and no modernist or evolutionist shall be allowed to speak over it." Two nights a week were consecrated to the advancement of civic betterment and these soon came to outshine in public notice the purely religious part of the program. Shuler succeeded in breaking a district attorney, a city prosecutor and a second chief of police. The politicians began to play up to him—the newspapers and the juries came to fear him. No public official now was so powerful that Shuler had to respect him—no sin was too unseemly or intimate for him to search it out and make it known. He exposed the rendezvous of Hollywood actors and actresses, the bootlegging of high-school students and public officials, the selling of birth-control devices by drug-stores, the attempts of the colored school-teachers to flirt with the female white ones and the seduction of stenographers by millionaires. On one occasion, when a male school-teacher had been hit and killed by a [illegible] on the "Julian Thieves," to have the policeman who school-teacher, he painted for his eager audience the passion of their probable embraces and suggested that the woman be tried for manslaughter for leading the man, who was married, to his death. It got to a point where Shuler's mere suspicions and hints were able to make courtrooms tremble: "Now I don't want to say anything against Judge Smith" was his formula—"Judge Smith's sittin' up thar on that bench tryin' to be as fair as he can—but I will say that if I was Judge Smith"—etc.

And it was impossible for the people he slandered to retaliate by getting anything on him. "I have paid the price in clean living," he would say, "to be able to go on fighting the enemies I have made or may make in the future. One group of men did try to find something in my past life that they could use to stop me from fighting, but the investigator whom they sent back on my trail came back and reported that he couldn't find a bug under any single chip in my past life. They can't find a scratch on my name if they hunt back to the cradle. I have never fooled with liquor, gambling, a woman or a dishonest deal. And they're never going to catch me in the situation Jacobson was found in because I never go to any woman's house in the course of my work as pastor of Trinity Church without taking a man along." Jacobson, a pious city councilman, had been framed, evidently by the police commission, with the assistance of a complaisant blonde who had called at his office ostensibly to protest like Bob Shuler "against the special assessment of the poor," and then been found with him in her house under allegedly compromising circumstances by a holiday-making party of detectives, reporters and simple seekers of entertainment, who had been summoned beforehand for the fun. When Miss Glide, the donor of Shuler's radio, had first called him up and asked him to come to see her at the Santa Monica Hotel, he had replied; "Lady, it would be as much as my life was worth to do it!"—and would only consent to meet her in the lobby, with a male chaperon present, after he had checked up on her respectability.

And that vast body of Middle Western opinion, evoked, marshaled and directed through the air, became one of the most formidable forces in the city. When in the Julian oil-stock swindle some 40,000 investors lost twenty or more million dollars, Shuler was able not merely by speaking and pamphleteering to arouse popular opinion against the promoters and to facilitate the conviction of the district attorney for conspiracy to take a bribe by accusing him of participation in drinking parties and improper intimacy with the female defendants, but even to cause the dismissal of a city prosecutor the morning after the latter had denounced Shuler over the radio for the use of inflammatory language, and, when a crazed old man who had lost his money shot a banker involved in the scandal and was found to be carrying a copy of one of Shuler's pamphlets

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outcry in his own vindication which caused the sensation of the shooting to be forgotten.

Twice Shuler has been tried for criminal libel: once by the Knights of Columbus—he has directed a pamphlet called "The Rise of Beastism" against the Catholics; and once for accusing the mayor of graft. And at the time of the Pantages trials—when Mr. and Mrs. Pantages, the theatrical magnates, had by a coincidence been indicted at the same time for—respectively—rape and killing a man through drunken driving, Shuler so hampered the impaneling of the jury by charges that the Pantages' money was being used to fix it that the Los Angeles Bar Association finally had him up for constructive contempt of court. He was fined and given fifteen days in jail; but this only stimulated the loyalty of his followers. When he came out, he was warmly welcomed by the friendly district attorney and mayor, and acclaimed and escorted home by a throng of triumphant admirers.

Lately, however, pressure has been brought to bear on the Federal Radio Commission to refuse Shuler a new license and, pending its final decision, he has been obliged to be comparatively discreet.

But in the meantime he has his own mayor. At the last election, two years ago, he is said to have ruined by vilification the chances of a dozen other possible candidates and to have caused his adherents to vote for John C. Porter, a dealer in second-hand automobile parts, an Iowan, a former member of the Ku Klux Klan, whose principles Shuler has endorsed, and an active worker for the Church Brotherhood, which is very near to Shuler's heart. Since election, Mayor Porter has reversed his position on the municipal ownership of power as stated during the campaign, by appointing to the Power Commission a man well known to be opposed to such measures and has achieved international notoriety by sending a telegram to Alphonso of Spain, then departing with the Revolution at his coat-tails, inviting him to attend the Los Angeles fiesta and "forget his troubles." Though a godly man, Mayor Porter is quite ignorant and, except for once having served as foreman of a grand jury, devoid of executive experience. He has a long pale morose face with heavy jowls, and flabby hands.

And in Trinity Church, radio license or no radio license, an air of serene confidence reigns. They continue to fill the pews, those dowdy dry-faced women, those dowdy pasty girls, those old men with thin necks and sparse hairs, drooping forward their bald foreheads, pulling in their recessive chins—while the Reverend Bob, with a large American flag hanging down from over his head, amid gargantuan baskets of chrysanthemums which perfume the Sunday-morning chill and under a dome painted many years ago with a cloudscape now indistinct and dingy in which one bright electric bulb is a star symbolizing the Savior—the Reverend Bob can still hold them with every word.

In his loose brown suit, flapping mottled tie and ever buckled on a sword. As I see it, his trouble shifts from one gear to another with an easy and expert hand. How tellingly, by a sudden change of tone, he can come down face to face with his auditors—a coarse-spoken, honest, humorous old hillbilly talking to neighbors about everyday things! His sermon is an exhortation against make-up and he is explaining that it is not, nevertheless, the case that everything artificial is bad: "I have a couple o' false teeth myself and they make me a lot o' trouble—I wish I didn't have to wear 'em! I have to take 'em out at night and put 'em back in again in the morning. But I've got to wear 'em to chew—I wouldn't know what to do without 'em!" And then, still candid and direct, with what seems a welling-up of real feeling, he rises naturally to dignity and eloquence: "When the spirit of Christ enters in you, you don't need any false embellishment! Your friends will see without that what's happened to ye—they won't need to be told about it, they'll know by themselves about it, they won't have any doubt about it—maybe ye won't say very much about it!"

The sermon over, the communion commences. He announces that for those who want to take part in it there will be "a very beautiful service." He steps down from the platform and a young man gets up in the orchestra and turns the microphone down to catch his words. He takes the sacrament first himself: "This is the body of Our Lord." . . .

Dr. Gustav A. Briegleb, Bob Shuler's former lieutenant and present rival, is a Yale graduate and a Presbyterian, and his congregation is made up of a better class of people than Shuler's. Also evidently of Iowa and Missouri stock, they are better dressed and have fresher complexions. And Dr. Briegleb's new church, with its white walls and rough-hewn rafters, its American flag with a bright gold spike, its choir in white gowns and only one basket of flowers on the platform, is a much smarter affair than Bob Shuler's somewhat shabby temple.

Dr. Briegleb himself wears white flannel trousers and a blue coat with the white corner of a handkerchief sticking out of the breast pocket. He does not pretend to be a man of the people like Shuler; and though, as program chairman of the Ministerial Union at the time when Shuler was president, they battled side by side against progressivism and though at the time of the Pantages trials Dr. Briegleb was fined twenty-five dollars for contempt of court when Shuler was fined seventy-five, he was often criticized by Shuler even before their split for his willingness to play the game of the rich. On the occasion of Dr. Briegleb's lending his support to the rich man's candidate for mayor rather than to the God-fearing and humble Porter, Bob Shuler expressed himself as follows: "Dr. Briegleb thinks I'm stubborn and contrary and that I constitutionally hate rich men and refuse even to go right if they want me to. On the other hand, I think Briegleb is one of the best fighters for the right who

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Dr. Briegleb is, besides, a quite different type of man from Bob Shuler. With his stocky build, his grizzled hair, his bone-rimmed glasses and his frowning arrogant face where heavy lines mark off solidly molded sections, he suggests some Germanic divine of the early days of Protestantism. When he reads the scripture lesson and announces the hymns, he has the broad a's and rolling r's of some sound theological seminary.

The first hymn this particular Sunday evening passes off quietly enough. Modest and reverent Sunday-evening voices, mostly feminine, invoke the blessing of the divine spirit with a tranquilizing refrain:

> Peace, peace, sweet peace,
> Wonderful peace from above!—
> Peace, peace, sweet peace,
> Wonderful gift of God's love!

But at the end of the first stanza of the second hymn, with its lustier refrain of "Who could it be but Jesus?" their masterful two-fisted pastor cracks down on them: "How many of you have never sung that hymn before? Those that have never sung it before hold up their hands!" A certain number obey. "Those that have, hold up their hands! —Why, I've sung that hymn at Christian Endeavor ever since I was a boy!" In a voice quite different from his seminary voice, a voice brutal and domineering, a voice appropriate to somebody's idea of a powerful and hard-boiled business man, he tells them that they have got to do better. But in commanding them, he does not fail to temper his severity with humor: "It reminds me of the story about the churches on the Yale campus. Over on one side of the campus they were singing, 'Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?' and over on the other side they were singing, 'No, Not One!'" He makes the women sing a stanza by themselves, the men sing a stanza by themselves, and then both sing a stanza together—and he tries to get them into the spirit of the thing by a minstrel joke about women and men. A strange thing happens to Dr. Briegleb's face every time he tells a joke: his mouth, which is habitually tight and grim, partly opens in a constrained gape. He is pausing for a laugh and trying to smile. But Dr. Briegleb, though he has assiduously applied himself to learning the technique of modern popular evangelists, will never be able to make people laugh. The responses to his sallies are meager.

The sermon itself deals with a matter which is far closer to Dr. Briegleb's heart. Last May, just before the municipal elections, a young man named Clark, who was a candidate for municipal judge, shot two other men in an office on Sunset Boulevard. When he was tried in August, he offered a plea of self-defense: he had pledged himself, in his campaign, he said, to clean up Los Angeles and the two persons whom he had shot, [illegible] saloon keeper grown rich as two rats!" "With that he said, 'No —— has

off, or "you will drive into your driveway some night and you will not get out of your car," had tried to kill him. In the story told by Clark at the trial, Dr. Briegleb played a curious role. The pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church had known the murdered underworld boss, Crawford, well. Crawford had come to the service one Sunday and had dropped a diamond ring said to be worth $3,500 in the contribution box and had thereafter had himself baptized by Dr. Briegleb and made further donations to the faith, which had enabled Dr. Briegleb to build his present beautiful new church with its device, "A Church Where Sinners Are Welcome." In the church was a soundproof room designed for a private radio station which put Dr. Briegleb on a plane of equality with his former colleague and captain, Bob Shuler. At this point, however, before the radio station had actually been installed, Crawford was bumped off by Clark.

Clark testified on the stand that he had approached Crawford before the election as to whether there was any chance of getting Dr. Briegleb's support. Crawford had explained the situation as follows: "I have talked to Dr. Briegleb," he said, "but there is something big going to happen. Dr. Briegleb is going to have a radio and I am back in the saddle and next year is going to be the Olympic Games, one of the biggest years Los Angeles has ever seen and I am going to run things the way they have been run before." "And he had the sample ballots there," Clark went on to tell the court, "pink and blue sample ballots, and he said that Miss Fisher was going to typewrite a thousand of those and that he would deliver those to friends of his and people he knew and that each ballot that was delivered would guarantee from ten to fifty votes—also a clipping from one of the newspapers with a list of prospective grand jurors." Crawford had figured that about half the grand jurors would be friends of his and that with these and the 75,000 or 100,000 votes that Briegleb would bring him, he ought to be pretty safe. Clark had asked, "What about the district attorney's office?" "I was indicted for bribery," Crawford had replied, "for bribing the Corporation Commissioner, and Buron Fitts dismissed it," "He said, 'Don't ask me any more questions about that. He won't say anything.'"

Crawford had then, according to Clark's story, proposed that he should help them frame Chief of Police Steckel at a Santa Monica hotel. At this, Clark had denounced them as follows: "You dirty lowdown skunks!—you were indicted for framing Councilman Jacobson some time ago and now you join the church and profess to be a Christian and you throw a big diamond in the plate! You dirty skunks, I am going out and I am going to tell the people from every platform that I get on and from every radio what happened in this room. You are

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out of his belt." The other man had pulled on Clark, too, and Clark had shot them both.

Clark's story was not generally believed by people who knew the personalities involved. It was assumed that Crawford must have tried to blackmail him and it was ominously said: "There were three racketeers in that room!" But Clark was good-looking and young and the jury, half of whom were women, would have acquitted him immediately if it had not been for one stubborn old man named Weller, who, in spite of the fact that his fair fellow jurymen remonstrated with him with tears in their eyes, persisted in disbelieving Clark's story. The forewoman, in announcing a mistrial, had put on record the following statement: "I think he [Clark] is one of our noblest Americans. We believed every bit of his story of self-defense. We considered him a fine upstanding young man who told a straightforward story." Old Mr. Weller later found a bomb under his house.

Dr. Briegleb, who was Crawford's pastor and who was present at his deathbed, naturally takes a different view. One of the jurors originally chosen, a trustee of Dr. Briegleb's church, had been excused from duty on admitting that he had been influenced by Dr. Briegleb's opinion. The doctor appeared at the trial and had his picture in the paper consulting with one of the principals, but he was never called as a witness and he is furious. He has announced his intention of preaching about the trial since he was prevented from testifying at it, and tonight there are reporters in the congregation. The text is from Acts V, 1-4, the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, and the application is that Clark is a liar.

When Dr. Briegleb gets on the Clark defense, he is a long way from that respectable seminary. He casts doubt upon the honesty of Clark's counsel, who had Clark's revolver cleaned before the trial; attack's Clark's character—if he was one of the noblest Americans, why was he kicked out of Annapolis?—insists that he himself was not trying to run away when he had gone up to his summer camp but was merely in search of a little rest after arduous labors and a harrowing experience; acts the role of a broken old man as he depicts his grief at the thought of Clark's godly parents disgraced by the evil behavior—more especially by the lies—of their son; denies that he had promised to deliver any votes, points out the absurdity of such an accusation, remarks to the congregation that he supposes most of them don't vote at all, says that several members of his own family don't vote, insists that the radio wasn't intended for politics but for spreading the gospel of Jesus Christ; wrings the hearts of his audience with an account of Crawford's late repentance and his deathbed, says that, though cartridges were found in his desk, he was positively not carrying a gun the day he was shot by Clark; points out that he himself, Briegleb, got Chief of Police Steckel his job, so how under Heaven could Crawford have wanted to [illegible] him? [illegible]

telling and living a lie; and pounding the pulpit with his fist, demands, "If religion isn't for sinners, what in God's name is it for?" Some of the women in the congregation are weeping.

Now and then in his sermon Dr. Briegleb resorts to a device which surprises you even after you have gotten used to his transitions from pompous to hard-boiled. He drops incongruously into an imitation of Bob Shuler's frankspoken folksy vernacular: "I called up the district attorney from Arrowhead Lake and I told him how I felt about it—Ah wish Ah had muh money back!—it cost me $2.80, and Ah wish Ah had it back!" And from his frequent references to Bob Shuler, his anxiety to show that they are both of the same mind, you can see how much he still looks instinctively to the authority of his old chief.

Poor Dr. Briegleb! When he accepted Crawford's diamond ring and was promised a private radio station and received his underworld convert into the Church, Bob Shuler publicly declared that he would "as soon baptize a skunk as Charley Crawford!" and let Dr. Briegleb go his own way. And now Charley Crawford is dead and Dr. Briegleb has still no radio station. Poor Dr. Briegleb! he will never be quite clever enough to satisfy all his ambitions. He makes a point of being present on all public occasions and gives out long statements to malign reporters who lead him on and then don't print what he says. Bob Shuler can make the front page every time without putting himself out to go anywhere. Poor Dr. Briegleb! he has some basic Germanic simplicity, Puritanical inflexibility, professional respectability, which will always prevent him from appealing to Los Angeles as Aimee McPherson and Bob Shuler do. Shuler can still charm every spirit with a whiff of the cow-manure on his heels. Aimee, with her inexhaustible sunshine, her friendly voice, her jolly gaudy temple, her sacred opera on the wanderings of the Children of Israel of which the score, composed by herself, ranges all the way from eighteen-century oratorios and modern Italian opera to musical-comedy tunes and popular songs, her heart-warming exhortations to her audience to shake hands before they leave the auditorium with at least three people they do not know and her recent glamorous marriage with the young man who sings Pharaoh, to the tune of kisses broadcast from the bridal chamber, makes people give her money and adore her, feel good about their neighbor and themselves. But Dr. Briegleb, though he may cultivate the tone of a sales-manager giving pep-talks to salesmen, though he may labor to be undignified and racy, though he may succeed, if only by browbeating them, in establishing a personal relation with his audience and though he may proclaim: "The worst harlot in this town can come to this church and be received!"—will always be handicapped irremediably by theological education and by [illegible]

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The Lights of Sarnia

SITUATED on the bank of the broad St. Clair some distance north of Detroit is a busy little Canadian city named Sarnia. Many readers of The New Republic may have heard its name called out on trains dipping into a great tunnel under the river, on the route from New York to Chicago. Others doubtless have seen it from the deck of passing Great Lakes steamers by day or glimpsed its electric lights by night, necklaced in a double row along the water. This article is about the electric lights.

I propose to reveal the actual working out of the world's greatest municipally owned super-power system in simple terms by showing it in operation in this my home town. The excuse for thus portraying the Ontario hydro-electric systems rests in the fact that most discussions of the subject are heavily clogged by figures of millions of dollars and billions of watts, whereas the essentials of the thing can be easily understood from a sort of "Middletown" survey.

When the municipal union was first mooted in Ontario, more than two decades ago, to draw power from Niagara and wholesale it to a little group of towns and cities, Sarnia held aloof. Sarnia was already served by a privately owned plant on the shores of Sarnia Bay. The local rates did not seem high, as private-ownership rates go, and it was the general local opinion that the geographical location of the little city was rather too remote from the source of current to make it logical to join fortunes with the Hydro group. In order to do so it would have been necessary to buy out the local private company, pledge the city's credit for this and for a long stretch of transmission line westward from the main stem, as well as for a share of the latter.

"Play safe," counseled the wise ones. "Our privately owned utility has an advantage over the inland places in cheap coal near water, and will show an advantage in commercial management. If we join, we stand to lose the taxes which the city gets from the privately owned plant. We have no guarantee that the commission acting for the group can furnish us with power more cheaply than at present. It is all conjecture."

Seven years passed. Things happened. The little group movement of a dozen municipalities became, by 1917, a big group of 143 municipalities before Sarnia climbed over the ropes and into the ring. The by-law was passed, the local utility was purchased, the full responsibilities were shouldered, and Sarnia found itself in the well known electrical-utility business, with assets of nearly a quarter of a million, 89 percent in debt, or worse, with heavy commission. Unfortunately for the supporters of the project, the rate was found to be six cents and six mills to domestic consumers. The rate charged by the private utility had been six cents, and the private utility had contributed to the taxes.

However, by the end of the year there was a surplus of $8,000. The rate was dropped from six cents and six mills to five cents and two mills—and there was a surplus at the end of the ensuing year. The rate was cut once more, this time to four cents and seven mills, and the surplus jumped to $24,000. In the fourth year the rate was pared down to four cents and three mills and the surplus at the end of the year bobbed up once more, larger than ever—over $44,000. The snorters became discreet.

At the beginning of 1929, the commissioners perceived that they had not yet succeeded in sinking their rates to consumers low enough to conform with the diminishing ratio of costs caused by volume and economies. Two dollars was lopped off the power prices and a mill was lopped off both commercial lighting and the domestic rate. Nevertheless, at the end of the year, the commissioners found themselves confronted with almost the largest surplus of thirteen uninterrupted years of plus figures—a surplus of $43,334.46.

The panic year, 1930, is the period covered by the most recent official report. Rates for household and shop were not again reduced, but power prices were given a two-dollar cut. Once again the effort to keep prices low enough to avoid a surplus failed of its object. Consumption grew and costs diminished. The panic year closed for the municipal utility with flying colors and a surplus of over thirty-seven thousand dollars. There was an increase in all classes of consumers, and apart from the incidental surplus, the full statutory quota went into the sinking fund to free the plant from its original debt.

But what about assets and liabilities?

It will be recalled that when Hydro started in Sarnia, the net debt amounted to 89 percent of the total assets. But at that time the assets were only $319,000. Now they have grown to $971,000. Is the percentage of debt still about 89? Not at all. At the close of 1929 it had fallen to 33 percent. At the moment of writing it is again lower, something under 28 percent, and dropping. The annual surpluses are applied to increase the assets, and the sinking-fund item concealed in the charge for current nibbles continuously at the debt.

Let us view our Middletown to see the effect of current at two cents and less—an average monthly bill of $1.89 per domestic consumer. When the pri-

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bought fifteen kilowatt hours a month. Today he uses ninety-seven. The commercial user (store lighting, etc.) then used seventy-five kilowatt hours. Today he is using 404. Power users then absorbed 1,014 horse power; several local industries used steam power. In 1930 the horse power sold was 5,536—more than five times as much. "White coal" has supplanted bituminous.

By every standard of measurement (including a doubling of the number of customers) the utility has grown out of all proportion to the increase of population.

The population of Sarnia is 17,003. Out of the 5,245 places of residence, 98 percent are customers of Hydro. The city has cheap natural gas for cooking and heating, but there are more than 900 electric ranges. Ice is available from Sarnia Bay and from an ice plant run by cheap power, but there are more than 250 electric refrigerators. There are Chinese laundries and steam laundries, as elsewhere in Canada, but Sarnia housewives prefer to use their 2,500 electric washers and 4,500 electric irons. The use of all electrical conveniences runs in the same proportion. Sarnia is mainly the home of industrial and railway employees. In the 5,140 dwelling places (out of 5,245 in all) where the current is a member of the household, the smallest of worries is the monthly yellow bill for current. The minimum gross monthly bill, including service charge, may be as low as eighty-three cents, less a 10-percent cash discount. As a matter of convenience the bills are not monthly, but less frequently rendered. Even the full average bill of $1.89 would scarcely warrant the expense of a monthly rendering.

How about taxes?

Manager Phelps of the Sarnia Hydro was formerly connected with the privately owned utility, and recalls the taxes which the private company paid and which the municipal utility escapes. His letter states:

> One of the main arguments of private owners against municipal owners is that the latter do not pay taxes. We pay taxes on 25 percent of the value of the lands used for Hydro purposes. If we charged the same rates as were charged by the private company which we took over in 1917, we could easily pay taxes. But at those rates the people of Sarnia would not have got their supply of current for the $318,862.06 which we collected, for example, in 1929. At the private rates referred to we would have been entitled to collect $1,056,586.18.

One might add that though the city treasury no longer receives certain tax money from the private utility, it also no longer pays out a tidy sum in the form of excess rates for city-street lighting, waterworks pumping, etc. The city hall is but little out on balance. But the city itself is immensely the gainer, as the manager shows. Two cents electricity [illegible] of the commis[illegible] We will [illegible]

directly, to every one of the 17,003 inhabitants and to every front foot of property—residential, business or industrial.

But what about the commercial-power user? How does he fare? Let us check up on a statement, frequently made on behalf of the United States privately owned utilities, that though their rates are admittedly higher to the small user, they are comparatively lower than those prevailing in Ontario to the industrial user of power. Moreover, it is alleged that though the Ontario public utility grants a low rate to the small domestic user "in order to catch votes," it evens things up like Robin Hood by soaking the big fellows. Though one may admit that there is not the same spread between prices in the two power fields as there seems to be in domestic prices, this is far from admitting that the United States manufacturer is actually better off in power matters or that the Canadian manufacturer is mulcted in order that cut-rate electricity may be distributed among the many.

An illustration of the actual difference in power rates may be obtained by comparing two industrial plants owned by the same United States interests. One plant, located at Sarnia, is a customer of Hydro, while the other, at Port Huron, Michigan, just two miles away, uses Detroit Edison power. Reports showed that the Port Huron plant paid $14,625.44 for a certain month's power, whereas the same power, if bought at the Sarnia factory, would have cost $11,311.17. This is a difference of $3,314.27 in a month, or enough in a year to pay 6 percent on half a million. But the difference really is more, for the Sarnia price covered a contribution to a sinking fund tending to lower future prices. The month used for comparison was August, 1926. Sarnia power rates have gone down at least twice since then, and in 1929 the price in Sarnia for the identical block of power had dropped to $9,292.01. I have not the corresponding figure for Port Huron in 1929 before me, but if the rates have not been cut there, the directors are paying nearly 60 percent more for power on one side of the river than is paid on the opposite shore.

Of course there may be local modifying factors in the comparisons. The Detroit Edison Company, it will be conceded, pays 5.4 percent of its income in taxes, and the cost of developing power in Port Huron and of bringing it fifty-five miles from its generating plants at Detroit may be greater than that of producing it by water at Niagara and carrying it over 200 miles to Sarnia. The purpose of this article is narrative rather than controversial, but several other instances might be cited where United States industries are paying 60 percent more for power than Ontario industries in a corresponding geographical location.

To reveal graphically the past year's operations of the local Hydro at Sarnia, let us imagine an

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classes of consumers) is in a heap on the table. To simplify figures, let us suppose the money to be in the form of ordinary thousand-dollar bills, amounting to the sum of $330,000, which the utility has collected during the year. There are several claimants for a share of the money. We will deal with the most important first, and ask him to explain his claim.

"I represent the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario," says the applicant. "We are the people who developed and transmitted to you the current you sold. We are the trustees for this purpose on behalf of all the municipalities, half a thousand in all. We have billed your power to your city at cost. Hand me the money for 1930."

He is given a wad of 206 bills.

The local manager rises. "Give me the money for running expenses," he says, "including salaries, wages and ordinary maintenance."

He is given forty-two bills from the diminishing pile.

A lineman in overalls rises. "Don't forget that this distributing system can't last forever," he says. "It is well maintained, but each year some money should be put into the box marked 'Reserve against Depreciation.' "

We satisfy him by placing fifteen bills in the box.

A banker rises next. "I represent the people who advanced this city the money to buy out the utility. You agreed to pay interest and to reduce the principal by a cash payment every year."

He takes thirteen bills for interest, and seventeen to apply on reducing the principal.

All the bills and disbursements have now been met, but there are still thirty-seven of the big bills on the table. This is the surplus, caused by better business since the beginning of the year. It will be applied to plant betterment.

Let us complete our picture by asking the representative of headquarters what dispostion is to be made of Sarnia's contribution of $206,000 toward main operations.

"Six percent will be put aside for depreciation reserve," he states. "Seven percent will be set aside to be held as a reserve against obsolescence and for contingencies. Ten percent will go directly to pay off some of the debt on our works, or will be reserved for that purpose. Twenty-four percent will take care of our running expenses. Three percent will cover certain miscellanies, and the remaining 50 percent will go for interest. This ratio applies to all the money that comes into our hands," he adds, "in payment for current delivered, 'wholesale.' "

"Do you tell us seriously," we ask, "that interest eats up half the money you collect from the municipalities for power?"

"Yes, and we are applying one dollar out of every ten we receive to pay off principal and reduce this interest. Let me read the official state-

> Ontario consumers can look forward to the time when the present plant will be clear of encumbrance and they will be relieved of paying interest and sinking fund thereon, which together amount to 60 percent of our total expense for generating and transmitting power. Concurrently, the municipalities in their local fields are carrying out the same sound financial procedure with respect to their local systems.

We pause to grasp the significance of this. We perceive that if the present thrifty policy is continued, of retiring principal borrowings out of the proceeds of current sold to the public ostensibly at cost, then the great province will be able to make even further reductions in prices that already are low enough to challenge the attention of the world. Since these low prices will be immediately available to every industry, we can see grounds for a prediction already heard in Ontario, *i.e.*, that the local branch plants of United States parentage already in Ontario, and new ones which are steadily arriving, may in the future become the logical seat of manufacture for foreign-export orders received at the office of the parent plant. There is already evidence of this, as Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, will testify. In an article in The Saturday Evening Post on "Migrating Machinery," he specifically mentions the fact that big United States industries are finding it advantageous to fill their export orders to South America and other countries from plants on the Canadian side of the border. "This is a phase," writes Dr. Klein, "which is frankly disconcerting."

These matters, however, are beyond the scope of our present article. It is a sufficient indication of the progress of Hydro finance merely to recall that the Sarnia plant collected in the past year from its consumers $330,000, and tucked away, including all reserves, $78,000 of it as a sort of rainy-day fund, to achieve fuller financial liberty and to clear the way for lower prices later on. And all this was accomplished at the surprisingly low consumers' prices previously cited.

"But—but—" objects a friend who happens to be a staunch upholder of individualism and giant private-power mergers, "you have failed to show that your sample town is typical, in regard to prices. Does it in fact represent a fair average?"

No. We have been cunning in selecting our sample. Middletown, as our friend suggests, is not in the middle. Sarnia is, of course, up to date and thriving, but its power cost of $31.24 and its domestic cost of two cents cannot at all be described as fairly typical of the group of sister cities of the Niagara system to which it belongs. Sarnia was not an early member of the family. Her border advantage is her electrical disadvantage. Sarnia was selected because, in defending Ontario Hydro, a writer can afford to be generous—and Sarnia happens temporarily to be not the lowest priced, but one the highest of the group.

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Washington Notes

Playing Both Ends—Tax Programs and Democratic Miracles—Edging Out Roosevelt—The Dry Plank

TO THE MORE analytical-minded here in this city, now teeming with politics and politicians, the Democrats, in the coming session of Congress so soon to begin, face a problem the solution of which imposes a severe mental strain upon their leading problem solvers. Since the Democrats have gained control of the House, the responsibility for the inevitable tax legislation is squarely upon their shoulders, and it is no secret around and about here, despite their oracular utterances, that not more than one or two of them have any clear idea of what to do about it—and these have no following.

The trouble with the Democratic leadership in this business is that it is neither one thing nor the other, and wants to be both. It has an aching desire to merit the "confidence of the business interests" and to avoid the charge of being economically unsound leveled at it by the Wall Street press. But with the presidential campaign looming, it also seems imperative to appear as the party of the common people, unshackled by the banks and free from the taint of corporation and trust domination. Almost anyone will agree it is not easy to achieve both these objectives simultaneously. Beyond doubt the great financial forces of the East and the newspapers through which their thoughts are expressed will support the Hoover-Mellon-Mills recommendations. Equally beyond doubt the progressive program of making the great fortunes and the great incomes bear the bulk of the burden, or as some like to call it, "taxing the rich for the benefit of the poor," will have a very much stronger popular appeal.

The difficulties facing the Democrats are obvious. The only thing they can do is to squeeze in between the administration and the progressives, not going so far as the administration Republicans in the one direction nor so far as the anti-administration Republicans in the other. The general idea upon which they are working is that a Democratic bill can be evolved which will be satisfactory not only to those who want to widen the distribution of taxes and increase the number of taxpayers, but also to those who want to keep the number as small as possible and to place the brunt of taxpaying on those with the most money. If they can succeed in pleasing both sides, the Democrats will indeed have performed a political and economic miracle. Personally I do not expect such a miracle, and I might further say that I have never encountered an instance where it paid either a party or a candidate to play both ends against the middle. On the contrary, the political path is strewn with the corpses of those who have tried it.

The chief difficulty of the Democrats, of course, is the fact that they have no votes to spare for dissenters. They must have every last man in line to pass any distinctly Democratic proposal. No one believes that every last man can be whipped into line for a Democratic taxation program any more than that he can be whipped into line for his personal views on it. The platform, however, should

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sive group will be futile. It will be quite a test, both economically and politically, of Democratic ability. That the Democrats regard it as such is evidenced by the fact that they have the best available economic and political brains in the party working on the job. They need the best.

Further to pursue the Democratic situation, developments of the past few days make it perfectly clear that in the national convention there will be a very genuine fight not only upon the platform but upon the candidate as well. The more they think of it, the more firmly are Democratic politicians convinced that the Democratic nomination this time is much too desirable to let one man run away with it—particularly a man for whom they have no instinctive affection, such as they had for the redoubtable Al. There no longer seems to be any concealment about the hostility of the Smith-Raskob element toward Roosevelt. I have previously expressed doubts that the opposition to him will find it feasible to veto his nomination with less than a majority of delegates against him, and I still cherish those doubts. I have not, however, any doubt at all of the ability of this element, if it is sufficiently determined, to prevent his nomination through control of more than the necessary one-third. It is a question not of ability but of determination. In brief, I contend that the nomination of Roosevelt is still better than an even bet, but freely admit the possibility of his being pushed aside for another man.

It all depends upon Smith—how far he intends to go with his anti-Roosevelt friends and how deep are his own personal feelings in the matter. It seems generally understood now that his talk with Roosevelt some weeks ago left their relations unchanged. The best evidence of this is the renewed vigor with which men personally close to the ex-Governor insist that Roosevelt's nomination would be a party blunder, and the deep resentment they manifest over eulogistic references to him by such progressives as Burton K. Wheeler of Montana and George W. Norris of Nebraska. It did not take the verbose and confused Raskob questionnaire on prohibition to make it plain that Smith, for whom he undoubtedly speaks and without whose sanction he does not move politically, proposes to make his big fight for the repeal plank in the platform. That was known before. Smith, it is well understood, will be a delegate from New York and will be the New York representative on the Resolutions Committee. Neither Tammany nor Governor Roosevelt can refuse him that—and will not. If his plank is defeated in the Committee, as it probably will be, he proposes to carry the fight to the floor—and then it will be a fight worth seeing. It is on this issue, which must be settled in the convention before the nominations are made, that the open split with Roosevelt will come, because it is clearly not Roosevelt's idea to support a repeal plank.

He wants, his friends say, the platform to lay stress on economic issues rather than on prohibition. Raskob and Smith want prohibition to be the paramount question, contending that it is just as economic as any other issue and the most vital of all. Roosevelt's idea, as generally accepted, is that this issue is one upon which the party is split, and that he and every other individual is entitled to

comfort, embarrassment or awkward explanation. In other words, Roosevelt does not consider prohibition the paramount issue and wants a plank that will not split the party.

Smith and Raskob rage at the idea of such a straddle, but certainly any other position for Governor Roosevelt would be politically dangerous, inasmuch as the great bulk of his present support is from the Dry West and South. Morover, he can—and I am told will—when the time comes, point to the fact that in 1928 Smith was nominated upon such a platform, contenting himself with doing what Roosevelt, if nominated, undoubtedly will do—with making his own position for repeal unmistakably clear in a telegram to the convention and in his speech of acceptance later.

It is easy to see the explosive possibilities of this situation when the convention meets—particularly easy if one has any inside knowledge at all of the fever which Messrs. Raskob and Smith have worked themselves into over the question. They are resolutely decided to make the Democratic party an out-and-out repeal party. On that they will not yield unless overpowered. It takes no astrologer to foresee another convention in which the temperature of the delegates will reach the boiling point, regardless of climate, and in which it will take no small degree of skill and a lot of luck to keep the fragments of the party from flying apart. The line-up on this issue will be practically the same as it was between the McAdoo-Smith forces in 1924—except that the Wets will be measurably stronger than they were then. This fight over the prohibition plank may or may not prevent Roosevelt's nomination, but the possibility is too clear to blink.

Washington. T. R. B.

Overland

JAMES JOSIAH WEBB was born in Warren, Connecticut, but thinking it over he decided at last to risk his life on the Santa Fé Trail. He was twenty-six when, having met with small success as a merchant in Warren, Rahway, New Haven, Savannah and St. Louis, he decided in the summer of 1844 to embark on a career in the overland trade. In this pursuit he so prospered that he was able to retire and to come home again in 1861, at the age of forty-three. He bought an estate near New Haven, ventured into politics, of which he had had a taste already in the Southwest, but presently turned his attention to a model stock and dairy farm. He died in 1889.

This volume [1] is the first of twelve in the Southwest Historical Series, of historical documents, hitherto unpublished or inaccessible, depicting social and economic conditions in the Southwest during the nineteenth century. Some of these will be private journals, some translated into English for the first time, some republications of important records now hard to acquire. The Webb journal can boast some additional interest because of the fact that, though the field is covered by Gregg's well known "Commerce of the Prairies," of 1844, the later period shows more of a gap. Webb died when only three years of the thirteen he spent in the Southwest had been recorded; but the account he left has a brave accent of history; and Professor Bieber has edited it with Herculean care, footnotes, emendations, brackets and cross references to the data of that period, so that specialists in the field will find this book highly important. I trust one may be allowed also to enjoy it. At any rate I did.

When Webb and his Prussian-Jewish friend Speyer, with his English and Prussian passports, and Samuel C. Owens and other comrades in this story were engaged in their prairie voyages, General Santa Anna was at the head of Mexico; there were orders and regulations constantly shifting about tariffs, contraband and territorial borders, there were fines, thefts, expeditions and so on; and the Governors Armijo and Martinez were serving their turns in the Department of New Mexico. By the time we come to the last page, our author has made a journey as far into Mexico as the Fair of San Juan de Los Lagos, has been under arrest in Chihuahua as the United States troops advanced toward their victory at Sacramento, and finally has traversed the long journey, rich that year with Comanches, Kaws and other scalping, poor Indians, pillaging back to "the States" again, and finally to the jaundice in St. Louis.

The writing of our onetime adventurer is simplicity itself, somewhat blessed with a tinge of that story-telling he must have heard in camp so often in those years gone by. It gave me, nevertheless, for all its lack of artifice, the curious sense of having been along with him. The history of that day in the Southwest gets a fresh conviction for me, thanks to this homely journal. In addition to the wider history, which impinges on the record only as news once leaked to communities without benefit of rail or telegraph, there is the side of events that is hand to hand, as human as bread. I am shamelessly superficial enough to want to know what was being carried in one of those trains when the team drivers had put new crackers on their whips so that they would sound like pistols going off, and rolled into a town, those 23 wagons, for instance, with 140 mules, 80 yoke of oxen and 40 men, with Mexican duties of $2,000 on every wagonload. I find there were notions, hardware and dry goods, of which the dry goods made the largest part: black cloth, striped, plaid and black and white calicoes, white cambric; cotton, pongee, silk; hickory shirts, fancy and blue-plaid handkerchiefs, muslins, sheetings, bonnet ribbons, shawls, plain buttons, gilded vest buttons, and more than a score of other articles, listed on page 82 and like an old song.

Of the people recorded as met here and there, we have the Englishman far out on the plain in a dugout of one room, roofed over with grass and earth, with a woman and three or four children, the eldest boy sixteen; or the old French doctor who always wore a piece of sheet tied over his lower teeth to keep his jaw in place, where the Mexicans who robbed his store had broken it many years ago; or François Aubry, the fastest long-distance rider the frontier ever knew, who rode 780 miles over the trail in five days and sixteen hours; or Kit Carson's father-in-law; or the old man and his son-in-law, for whom he had so little respect that he insisted, as a division fence between their lands, on two rail fences, one on the land of each, so "that there should be no cause of difficulty on account of breachy cattle breaking the other's fence without first breaking down their owner's," and whom, when he had a bad mis-

[1] Adventures in the Santa Fé Trade, by James Josiah Webb, edited by Ralph F. Bieber. Glendale, California: Arth. H.

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like the wife in the bear fight, who said, "Go it, husband! Go it, bear! I don't care which whips."

At Diamond Spring somebody some time had planted mint roots, and that year the wagon train found mint enough for juleps. Once in their Santa Fé house they had only a single tumbler, and used to shake up their *aguardiente* eggnogs in that, with a Spanish grammar held on to it for a top. Once at camp, Father Lliba, the priest of San Miguel parish, called and remained to supper, and having supped and tippled freely, mounted his pony, rode two or three times round the camp the fastest possible, struck off on the town road, and raising his hat with a flourish and the parting, "Adiós. Goodbye. Go to hell!" went off satisfied and happy. In Santa Fé the Territorial authorities took over a church ruin, and at some expense fitted it for a courthouse. When the work was almost finished there arose a great cry. Could one try cases and hear testimony standing upon the graves of our fathers? The plan was abandoned and the property handed back to the Bishop. Shortly after that it was sold to Don Simon Delgado for a store, where he kept assorted dry goods, groceries and liquors. There were also in that town the *fandangos* every week, where all classes attended, and all ages from ten to eighty, for the people "could not exist without the waltz." There is an account of the sandhills that had to be traversed almost on faith; and a picture of that scene where seventy-five mules had once been frozen in a storm, and where in later years it had been customary for traders camping there to amuse themselves by arranging the bones, all the leg bones, for example, laid in rows, with great regularity, and the skulls in a ghastly circle.

We can see this Connecticut trader running into a race whose codes of honor and rascality were so different from his own, their arbitrariness, his stubborn though shrewdly adjustable sense of his rights. At one of the haciendas you have 108 servants; they have no work, however, for the winter, and not an ear of corn to fall back on. What do they do? They steal from Otero. Otero's servants, you have said, are worse off than yours, what do they do? They steal from me. It is considered dishonorable to steal from one's master, but neighborly stealing is no disgrace. Governor Armijo had a term "making diligencia," which in our author's opinion was at least honestly aboveboard, besides working well, for this Governor never had to be paid a cent of salary: "Well, young man," said Governor Armijo to him, "I will be liberal with you. You know that the legal duties on your goods would amount to $1,800 or $2,000 a wagon load, and I allow you to enter them at $750. Now this, young man, is stealing, but we do all the stealing and divide with you, giving you much the largest share of the booty." Armijo was a self-made man, who had risen from sheep herder to Governor entirely by his own energies, without aid, without counsel or even sympathy from those in a higher position. He learned his letters, while tending the sheep, from a Catholic primer, learned to make the figures and do sums with a coal from his camp fire, and "did his ciphering upon the knees of his buckskin breeches." Governor Trias of Chihuahua, on the contrary, was a man of much culture, particularly devoted to Shakespeare and Milton, and born heir to the magnifi-

caldron of boiling tallow and left him there; after which he was obliged to travel abroad for a while, in the United States and in Europe, where he became an accomplished linguist.

Sometimes this author writes a little closer to himself; sometimes out of an open and almost never subjective account, he draws us closer to him; as when, for one example, he tells of the famished man, half dead from thirst, dipping up the spring water with his boot, drinking from it slowly, slowly, by the single swallow, and afterwards taking both boots full to his mule, "letting her drink from the top of the leg, and setting them on the ground for her to press down until all was gone." Or we may take the passage where he remembers a night when the mules broke away and ran off, how he and another man followed, thought them lost, found them again. Introspection has led him into a tangled style, but the passage is beautiful nevertheless:

> To describe the feelings of one in such circumstances is impossible; to have anything like a real appreciation of it without being there, is equally so. But I was there, and I never think of the tones of that bell gradually becoming less and less distinct until at last dying out in the far distance, and hope also dying with the tones of the bell, and the exercise of the will alone keeping the soul from despair; then after an hour or so of almost hopeless endeavor, to hear again those indistinct and doubtful tones, and hope revive as the tones become more and more distinct until the climax of triumph is obtained, is a trying experience, but is a great matter of rejoicing and thanksgiving in all after years.

STARK YOUNG.

A COMMUNICATION

A Mexican Film and Marxian Theory

SIR: In your issue of November 4, you published an article entitled "Eisenstein in Hollywood," by Mr. Edmund Wilson, which described in friendly terms my tribulations in the United States and Mexico. Unfortunately, the article fails to mention my two companions, Co-Director Alexandroff and Cameraman Tisse, although they have collaborated with me for a period of ten years.

Mr. Wilson's article is on the whole very fine, but I regret to say that it contains a passage which misrepresents my whole attitude toward the work I have so far accomplished in the movies. In connection with the Mexican picture which we are now making, Mr. Wilson says: "Eisenstein in Mexico, in the meantime *was having a free hand for the first time in his life.*" The italics are mine.

Whether Mr. Wilson intended it or not, the impression which this passage is likely to convey is that those who work in the creation and development of the Soviet cinema are victims of a kind of "forced labor." This is the way certain economists like to describe the immense collective effort of our creative masses in constructing the first socialist State in the world.

Mr. Wilson's words, which I have cited, seem to extend the profoundly wrong conception of "forced labor"

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creativeness. Whatever the author may have had in mind, his words imply that the only way I could escape from artistic "forced labor" in the Soviet Union was by a trip to Latin America with funds supplied by some "radical millionaire," so that I could have a "free hand" for the first time in my life.

I reject such a misconception. It profoundly dishonors those who give all their greatest efforts to the task of creating the Soviet cinema, and slanders the Soviet social system, the only system which could give free creativeness an opportunity to expand. We need only to consider the triumphs of the Five Year Plan at a time when the rest of the world is suffering the worst economic and moral depression. Even our most violent enemies cannot deny our creative growth.

We Soviet artists, compelled by nobody, make it our own duty and our greatest ambition to handle in the arts and to express in our pictures the problems, subjects and themes which are important and vital to the growth and development of our republic of workers and peasants. We do this of our own free will and out of our convictions and opinions.

In fulfilling this task, it might indeed happen, as Mr. Wilson put it, that "efficiency may rush and embarrass an artist and economy may cramp him, and a rigid political creed which is always demanding fables to point its morals may have its irksome side." But this may only mean that we have not yet succeeded in completely mastering the wild horse of the cinema—the mad movie Pegasus—rushing so many a cinematographer outside of Russia to pure . . . hell! Our problem is to find ways of making the cinema a perfect means of expression for whatever the Soviet Union needs. And we are not ashamed to confess that it is only because of our own inability to master completely the art of cinema expression that the social problem or "rigid political creed" sometimes crushes the fragile beauty of cinema esthetics.

We are not ashamed to confess it, because never has art consciously faced problems so enormous, vital and significant as those which confront the Soviet artist, problems which he sets himself of his own free will. Even a defeat on this path means immensely more to us than many a victory on the glorious path of the united box offices. All the artistic achievements and progress of the Soviet film are due precisely to the fact that it has had to face and solve unprecedented problems for the first time.

Mr. Wilson also misunderstood my motives in going to Mexico.

"Eisenstein," he said, "entranced with the Mexican scenery, so different from the bleak Gulf of Finland or the flat expanses of the collective farms, became carried away with the ambition to make a perfect film, excellent alike as photography and as drama, the supreme masterpiece up to date of the movies."

It so happens that my complexion is the exact opposite of Don Quixote's, and this in itself would argue that in regard to my own work I would never use such quixotic fanfaronades as this. Just as a soldier is said to be worth nothing unless he does not expect to be a general, so any director will never achieve even the most modest results unless in the depths of his soul he is entirely free of the

There is nothing especially Mexican in the desire to make a good picture. It is true, however, that in order to develop cinema methods and to approach new forms of cinema expression, an occasional experiment with quite new, unusual and even completely opposite material is not only permissible but of the greatest experimental value. Remember the Marxian theory of opposites!

We are extremely enthusiastic (to speak in Hollywood terms!) about things Mexican; but it seems to us rather presumptuous to suppose that our Mexican picture is an escape into the realm of "complete liberty," exoticism and "entrancing scenery" from the "bleak Gulf of Finland" or the "flat expanses of the collective farms"—which happen to be the scene of the greatest things being done in the world today.

Mr. Wilson displayed an exact knowledge of the footage we have shot and the footage we plan to shoot in our Mexican film. It would have been equally useful if he had applied his mathematical gifts to discovering our ages. We are no longer little boys who run away from home to see Indians stick feathers in their hair or cannibals pass rings through their noses.

SERGE EISENSTEIN.

Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico.

CORRESPONDENCE

Hunger March on Washington

SIR: The third winter of the economic crisis faces us. It also faces uncounted thousands of unemployed workers and their families. They are hungry; they are homeless; they are in many cases without the most necessary clothing. The newspapers report daily suicides.

The critical period must be tided over by unemployment insurance. To gain this end, preparations are being made for a National Hunger March upon Washington to demand such insurance. From every point of the compass unemployed workers will gather to present to Congress, which opens on December 7, a bill for unemployment insurance and immediate winter relief.

These workers will be elected from the Unemployed Councils of their home towns. Each delegate will represent thousands of workers and their starving families. But they must be fed. They must be transported from their homes to Washington. They must be housed.

The Workers' International Relief—a workers' organization which supports workers' struggles for better conditions—is collecting food, funds, clothing for the marchers at its headquarters, 16 West Twenty-first Street, New York City. Will you not help—with money, with clothes, in any way that you can—to strengthen the ranks of the Hunger Marchers?

HUGO GELLERT, ADELAIDE G. WALKER, SLATER BROWN,
CLIFTON FADIMAN, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, SIDNEY HOOK.

New York City.

The Lawrence Strikers

SIR: Though the textile strike in Lawrence has ended and the majority of the 23,000 strikers are back at work, the Pacific Mills, employing 5,400 hands, practically all of whom are members of the unaffiliated American Textile Workers' Union, still remain closed—as punishment to the employees for their part in the strike. Many of the workers who were employed there are starving. Funds and support are badly needed. All those interested in helping should send their contribution to the General Relief Fund, Room 8, 180 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass.

ALFRED E. COLTON, Secretary.

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Counterblasts on "Counter-Statement"

SIR: Since some of Mr. Hicks's objections to my "Counter-Statement" [The New Republic, December 2], seem to arise from a misunderstanding of my purposes, perhaps I should state briefly my own version of these purposes. The theoretical portions of my book might be brought under three heads: (1) an "apology for poesy," an attempt to refute certain theories which had made art seem a by-product of other forces rather than an educative or coercive force in itself; (2) a "rhetoric," an analysis of the processes by which a work of art is effective; (3) a "program," a consideration of what effects should be produced at the present time.

Thus, when Mr. Hicks says that, on my assumptions, one cannot criticize an author's mood, nor his symbol for expressing it, nor even "the desire that the artist seeks to arouse," he is overlooking the fact that this objection applies only to my "rhetoric," where I am discussing not *what effects should be produced,* but *how effects are produced.* In discussing the processes of walking, one must avoid any judgment as to whether a man *should* walk north or south. A moral imperative is not proper to a rhetoric, any more than the study of the mechanics of a motor equips us to decide whether motors should be used for warfare or trade. Such a judgment belongs elsewhere—it belongs in a "program" as to what effects *should be produced.*

Wherefore, let us turn to my "Program." Mr. Hicks has already interpreted me as saying "the only proper concern of the critic is technique." I certainly did not mean to give such an impression. On the contrary, in my "Program" I state specifically: "A system of esthetics subsumes a system of politics, and though the artist —qua artist—may ignore it, the present program of critical orientation cannot ignore it." And my "Program" proposes to advocate a certain kind of art because, for reasons given in the chapter, I think such art would have a certain kind of social effect. I invite Mr. Hicks to outline any other possible method of procedure.

As for his final paragraph saying that I, by my system, prefer a writer who seeks "a symbol that is as far removed as possible from the controversial and important issues of the day" above a writer who considers it his business "to interpret a representative and important situation," I do not agree that this is a conclusion to be drawn from my book. On the contrary, I have given many reasons why the second kind of writer is often more effective than the first, though pointing out that such effectiveness may be less fit to survive further permutations of history. Far from confining myself to the choice which Mr. Hicks would force upon me, I had thought that my approach enabled me to avoid precisely such academic choices (and I do not see why Mr. Hicks, in turn, should limit himself by voting unconditionally for what he considers the opposite view to my own). Obviously, both kinds of art can figure in the business of social coercion. The essential trait that distinguishes man from a bundle of mere glandular reactions is vocabulary. Man is vocabulary. To manipulate his vocabulary is to manipulate him. And art, any art, is a major means of manipulating his vocabulary. And since such manipulation is done by both of Mr. Hicks's two kinds of art, why not consider both kinds "praiseworthy," as social implements?

KENNETH BURKE.

New York City.

SIR: It may be that, to some extent, my review misrepresents Mr. Burke's book, and if so I am glad to have his letter clarify the situation. What he says does not, however, change my estimate of the book, nor does it indicate that my account of the book's contents is in any fundamental way inaccurate. The emphasis of "Counter-Statement" is so unmistakably on technique, and its value is so exclusively in its discussion of technique, that the reader is bound to realize that it is technique alone that interests the author. Certainly Mr. Burke's "Program," which the brevity of my review prevented me from discussing in detail, is not, as his letter implies, an analysis of the relation of literature to social aims. It is a fragmentary, superficial and confused account of certain tendencies in contemporary society; it merely describes the social attitudes of a man who is principally interested an afterthought; if Mr. Burke's system of esthetics really depended on his "Program," it would be invalidated from the start.

But Mr. Burke's rhetoric and his "Program" are not organically related. They are, as his letter indicates, in separate compartments. Mr. Burke will, he says, permit the critic to deal not merely with the question of how effects are produced, but also with the question of what effects should be produced. He regards art as an instrument of social coercion, as a way of manipulating man, and he proceeds to advocate a certain sort of art because it has a certain sort of social effect. (What he means, of course, is that he advocates *any* sort of art that produces that effect.)

There is, as I pointed out in my review, the weakness of Mr. Burke's book. As he sees it, the critic is confronted with two quite unrelated problems. He is to judge a book's technique according to the criteria Mr. Burke lays down; then he is to judge the book's effect by his own social views. That is, if the critic is a Republican, he will condemn any book that will make its readers Democrats. To all intents and purposes this means that all the critic can discuss, in his capacity as literary critic, is technique; other points he discusses as Republican, or as vegetarian, or as nudist.

Mr. Burke asks me to outline any other possible method of procedure. That does not, I must confess, seem very difficult. Where Mr. Burke goes astray is in his analogy between literature and walking. He says, "A moral imperative is not proper to a rhetoric." I should say that both a rhetoric and a moral imperative must, in any sound system of esthetics, be indissolubly related as parts of a larger whole. I should say that the proper concern of the critic is not primarily either technique or social effect, but something that might be called imagination. Imagination is, let us say, the power of perceiving relationships. In this perception the author's total outlook on life is at work. He reproduces the relationships he perceives in terms of concrete experience. His success in presenting a pattern of concrete experience (i. e., his technique) depends on many factors, but chiefly on the quality of his perception; and it cannot be judged apart from that. (One of the chief reasons for analyzing technique is that such analysis often calls attention to defects of imagination.)

The critic approaches a piece of literature as an interpretation of life. He judges its success within the field the author has chosen, and he judges also the social importance of that field. (Since what literature gives the reader is an increased capacity for having and assimilating experience, the critic will have to decide what kinds of experience are, either at a given moment or in the long run, most essential to the part of humanity for which the book is written.) If he finds the book a failure, he will seek the causes of that failure. He may find them in the fact that, being a Republican, the author has looked at life falsely; but he will criticize the falseness, not the Republicanism. He may detect a failure in the embodiment of the perception, in what Mr. Burke calls Individualism. But in any case he will regard the book as a whole.

This is sketchy; it is merely what Mr. Burke asked for, an outline, and a very incomplete outline. But I trust it indicates that there is another way, and a better way, of approaching literature than Mr. Burke's.

Troy, N. Y. GRANVILLE HICKS.

Hollywood vs. Sovkino

SIR: Workers cases are crowding the courts in Harlan County, Kentucky, and in industrial centers throughout the country. As a means of aiding these workers in defending themselves, the International Labor Defense is raising funds for the publication of a booklet dealing with "Workers' Defense in the Courts."

In this connection it is holding a symposium at the New School for Social Research on Sunday, December 6, at 8 P.M., on the "Hollywood vs. Soviet Cinema." The following speakers will participate: Waldo Frank, H. W. L. Dana, Samuel Ornitz, H. A. Potamkin and Michael Gold. The symposium will be followed by a showing of reels from several leading Sovkino films.

We urge all New Republic readers to attend.

WALDO FRANK.

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Christmas Book Section

Manufacturing Public Opinion

BEFORE 1928, the post of public-relations counsellor to a power company was one of the lushest sinecures in this racketeering era. Bright young men and young men not so bright flocked into the profession in great numbers and Made Good in a Large Way. Only three rules were necessary for success: spend plenty of money, disguise selfish purposes with public-service labels, and call your critics socialists. The thing was so simple that some of the young men overdid it a little and rumors began to spread around. Then came the resolution of Senator Walsh of Montana late in 1927 calling for a Senate investigation of the power trust.

At first the power people believed that they had beaten the Walsh resolution by referring it to the Federal Trade Commission, and they shared this belief with Norris, La Follette, Wheeler and the progressive Senators who felt that only an investigation by a Senate committee would be adequate. In that belief the progressive Senators were pleasantly mistaken. The Federal Trade Commission far exceeded their highest hopes. It dug into the dark places of the power industry with speed and courage, and in three years of investigation turned out 14,293 pages of testimony and exhibits with a grand total of 17,000,000 words.

Mr. Gruening and Mr. Levin have taken those 17,000,000 words, strained and washed them, added the right seasoning, and each has produced an easily digestible book summarizing the Federal Trade Commission's findings on propaganda. Both books[1] are so good that it is a pity they cover exactly the same field. One or the other could have been left unwritten without great loss to the world, but if the reader is compelled to choose between them, it is obvious that Mr. Gruening's book is more valuable. Mr. Gruening lets the record speak for itself more skillfully and more entertainingly, while Mr. Levin, for some unaccountable reason, shies away from names and dates, referring constantly to power companies and witnesses without specifically describing them.

The record as Mr. Gruening lays it before the reader is a fascinating case study in the manufacture of public opinion. The movement to "inform" the public about the blessings of private ownership of the electric industry began in 1919 with Samuel Insull and the Illinois Committee on Public Utility Information. By 1925 it had spread to thirty-six states and included scores of university professors on confidential pay rolls, committees of power-company owners who censored public-school textbooks, national editorial services in careful disguise, millions of pamphlets ditto, and grand dames of the women's clubs cruising about the country on power-trust subsidies. The American Gas Association had invaded filmland with a picture called "The Spirit of Service," and the Oklahoma Gas and Electric Company had a girl's quartette which, presumably, sang the popular song of the Wisconsin Utilities' Association to the tune of "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking":

> Mr. Farmer, we've been thinking,
> What a grand state this would be,
> When the farms in 1940
> All have e-lec-tric-i-tee.

The central agency in the great publicity drive of the power interests was the Public Relations Section of the National Electric Light Association, but the various state public-relations committees worked vociferously on their own account through their own employees and through local newspapers. The Hofer editorial service of Salem, Oregon, endowed by the utility companies to the extent of $84,000 a year, spread "impartial" enlightenment on the power industry to 12,784 rural and small-town newspapers without any announcement of its subsidies, guaranteeing its sponsors that: "We show the blighting effect government or public ownership has on private initiative and enterprise; we show that drastic and radical rate regulation which kills utility development hurts the community worse than the company. . . ."

"Don't be afraid of the expense. The public pays the expenses," said M. H. Aylesworth in 1924 when he was addressing a convention as managing director of the National Electric Light Association. So the public paid not only for the subsidies of $80,000 given by the National Electric Light Association to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, but for the assault on Boulder Dam by Dr. Frank Bohn, ex-Socialist ($1,800), for the eloquence of Richard Washburn Child on the same subject ($7,500), for a gross misrepresentation of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission by E. A. Stewart, who served jointly on the pay rolls of the University of Minnesota and the power companies, and for the "impartial scholarship" of Professor Richard T. Ely at Northwestern University.

Why the great power companies are willing to gamble with the public's money so boldly in the attempt to control public opinion is revealed by a sample table of inflated values which Mr. Gruening uses. The Federal Trade Commission showed that the following companies affiliated to the Electric Bond and Share Company had written up their values $341,891,100, upon which the consumers are asked to pay interest:

Utility Group	*Amount of write-up*
American Gas and Electric Co....	$88,492,000
American Power and Light Co...	74,000,000
Electric Power and Light Co.....	70,103,600
National Power and Light Co....	64,810,500
Carolina Power and Light Co....	22,414,000
Minnesota Power and Light Co...	22,071,000
	$341,891,100

[1] The Public Pays, by Ernest Gruening. New York: The Vanguard Press. 273 pages. $2.50.
Power Ethics, by Jack Levin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The study of the propaganda methods of the power trust

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what it may teach us concerning future battles for public control of private utilities. The story will be repeated on a grander scale if we attempt to nationalize banks, railroads or coal, and so on *ad infinitum* or *ad socialismum,* or whatever elysium we attain when corporation public-relations departments can be mentioned in the past tense.

PAUL BLANSHARD.

A Formidable Shadow

The Sacco-Vanzetti Case, by Osmond K. Fraenkel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 565 pages. $5.

VISITING this summer a State farm in a remote district of Soviet Russia, an American lady found herself surrounded by a group of peasants. For a time they gazed with dumb attention at this specimen of capitalist civilization. Then one man, who appeared to possess a little German, pushed his way to the front and spoke: "Amerika" . . . he said, and nodded knowingly. "Elektrische chair . . . Sacco-Vanzetti."

A *cause célèbre* can seldom have sprung from a more commonplace crime than the murder of the paymaster and guard of a Massachusetts shoe factory on April 15, 1920. The character of the crime was unequivocal: it was committed in daylight, and witnessed by a number of people; the motive was plain, the *modus operandi* one which has become almost standardized in pay-roll robberies. Identity of the men was the only point to which police investigations were directed, and these investigations were neither very subtle nor very thrilling, for it was in fact, as Mr. Fraenkel's narrative shows, almost by hazard that the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti came about. Even the trial itself, as one reads it, is little more than a lengthy combat of conflicting eye-witnesses and experts (fifty-nine for the Commonwealth and ninety-nine for the defendants), evidence which is at once dull and difficult to appraise. Only where Sacco was goaded by Mr. Katzmann into expression of an idealistic immigrant's disillusion with America is the flame of human interest kindled. Yet here is a case which lasted seven years, which enlisted the attention of the whole civilized world and has bequeathed a catchword to revolutionists of every nation. Why?

The explanation is, I think, that the Sacco-Vanzetti case is not one of those "baffling mysteries" which attract the armchair detectives and armchair jurymen of posterity. It is a striking fact that (with the exception of Dean Wigmore, whose apoplectic outburst of 1927 all admirers of his classic work on "Evidence" have hastened to forget) no responsible and independent lawyer has attempted anything like a detailed defense of the conviction. Mr. Fraenkel's 550 pages are as fair, accurate and well balanced an account of the case as it is possible to make. The first part of his book contains a connected narrative of the case in all its stages, the second part a methodical analysis of its most controversial features. Mr. Fraenkel's own comments are as guarded and sparing as they are invariably acute. Yet even he leaves the reader in no doubt as to his opinion on the broad question whether the verdict was justified. It is, in short, to the student of government rather than the student of crime that the case is of permanent interest and importance.

For these reasons, it is to be hoped that posterity will not confine its attention to the trial or the trial judge alone. Vain, violent, half-educated persons of the Thayer type late their oath not to discuss the secrets of the jury room, land between thought and emotion, and when their prejudices are inflamed and their judgment blinded by an overzealous prosecution, miscarriages of justice are bound to occur. But it is the mark of a civilized legal system to contain within itself the capacity to correct its own mistakes. France, for example, in the Dreyfus case and England in the Beck case made complete, if tardy, admission of the wrong its courts had done. The disquieting feature of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is that the corrective machinery of Massachusetts was not only defective in itself, but was administered by men who did not bring to their office that strict impartiality it requires. The authorities, judicial and executive alike, remained obdurate to the end, inflicting on the two men that irrevocable sentence which has made Vanzetti in his prophetic words "a vanquished man but a formidable shadow."

Only one man emerges from the case with credit, Mr. William C. Thompson of the Boston bar, who for years in the cause of justice "waged contention with his time's decay" on behalf of clients with whose political opinions he had no sympathy. The district attorney, the defense in its early days under Moore, the Department of Justice, the supreme court of Massachusetts, the Governor—some excuse can perhaps be offered for these on the ground of defects in a system which they were pledged to administer. But what is to be said of the Lowell Committee? Here was a body, unfettered by rules of procedure or laws of evidence or limits of jurisdiction, charged simply with an independent examination of the fairness of the trial and the guilt or innocence of the defendants. It is true that its personnel was to seek in legal experience, but the chairman was a descendant of one of the most distinguished families of Massachusetts and the president of Harvard University. From such a man, it was thought, with his established position and his detachment from everyday politics, independence and impartiality at least might confidently be expected. How bitterly Mr. Lowell disappointed expectations is a matter of history. For disingenuousness, for frigid hypocrisy, Mr. Lowell's handling of the Guadagni episode, for example, surpassed anything perpetrated by Judge Thayer; and the sheer incompetence of his report is no less startling. But there is only space within the limits of a review to take one sample of the committee's work, its treatment of the allegations against Judge Thayer.

Article 29 of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights declares: "It is the right of every citizen to be tried by judges as free, impartial and independent as the lot of humanity will admit." Six independent witnesses appeared before the committee to give evidence of conduct on the part of the Judge off the bench during and after the trial which indicated an almost personal hostility to the accused and (it was argued) inevitably deprived him of the power to be impartial toward them when on the bench. These witnesses were cross-examined before the committee in the ordinary way. But when the committee called before it Judge Thayer and the ten surviving jurors, counsel for the defense were not allowed to be present and were not even afterwards supplied with a copy of the witnesses' evidence, so that they were forced to argue in the dark. What the jurors said can, however, to some extent be gathered from the report, which solemnly records that the jurors, whom the committee found "an unusually intelligent and independent body of men" informed the committee that they "perceived no bias" on the part of the trial judge. Now apart from the impropriety of inviting jurors to vio-

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conscious victim of improper influence? In the first place he will not remember; and in the second place, if he had been conscious of such influence, he would not have been its victim. Judge Thayer's evidence cannot be similarly reconstructed. The report, it will be remembered, strangely combines censure of the judge for "indiscretion" and "grave breach of official decorum" with a finding that the state of mind which gave rise to such conduct did not impair his fairness. There the matter rests, for the suppressed evidence has never been published, but it may be interesting to recall the parallel of a famous English case. In 1904, the judge whose conduct of the Beck case had been called in question, appeared before the Committee of Inquiry with these words:

> Mr. President: I thought it right to present myself having regard to the exceptional circumstances of this case and I thought it was right that I should make such statement as I desired to make and that I should answer such questions as you might think it right to put to me in public; otherwise, if I had sheltered myself by my official position and given evidence in private, it might have been open to the gravest question that there was something I desired to conceal.

Here is a warning which might well have sounded in the ears of President Lowell and his colleagues. Are they surprised if the world believes that Judge Thayer had something to conceal and found a committee ready to help him conceal it?

SYLVESTER GATES.

On Translating Dante

The Inferno of Dante, translated by Lacy Lockert. Princeton University Press. 139 pages. $2.50.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri, translated by Jefferson Butler Fletcher. New York: The Macmillan Company. 471 pages. $5.

THE INTENTION of both Mr. Lockert and Mr. Fletcher has been to provide, the one for the "Inferno" only, the other for all three books of the "Divine Comedy," a new translation which shall keep the movement of Dante's *terza rima* and, by allowing themselves certain liberties of rhyme, to surpass their stricter predecessors in this measure in accuracy of phrase and in literary distinction.

For this purpose, Mr. Fletcher has kept the tercet. Dante's verse, as he quite justly says in his introduction, revolves upon it as an ever repeated unit. "To reweave his separated words into the ampler and more varied strophes of blank verse would be to alter fundamentally, not only his music and his style, but the very structure of his composition." But to facilitate his task, as well as to relieve the ear unaccustomed to Italian richness and the intricately repeated sounds, he has simply rhymed the first and third line of each tercet. At first the reader is rather bewildered by this and looks for something to be done about all these unwedded words that wait neglected at the ends of every second line. But once he ceases to listen for rhymes that are not there, the effect is not unpleasant. And Mr. Fletcher's version of Dante's poem can be read with greater ease and rapidity than any other I know. It should serve admirably for anyone who, knowing no Italian, wants to know what the "Divine Comedy" is about, or for one want to go quickly through one of the books to see its structure as a whole.

Mr. Lockert has made his translation of the "Inferno" in *terza rima*. But, while following the strict scheme of his poet, he has permitted himself the use of false rhymes, *sad, aid, displayed,* of half rhymes, *visage, rage, sage;* he also uses assonance and once or twice, when it has seemed to him imperative to render the exact sense of an important passage, dropped out a rhyme altogether. There is nothing in this to shock an ear accustomed to the muted rhymes of, say, Mr. Yeats. Moreover, Mr. Lockert has but followed the practice of those who have best written *terza rima* in English; Shelley, for instance, retards or speeds the measure by placing now perfect, now subdued, rhymes. And the very difficulty of the scheme has had a happy influence on the style, has made for concision and dignity, at times, indeed, for grandeur. His "Inferno" is more vigorous than Mr. Fletcher's; it is also more finished.

It may be that the present is propitious for translation of Dante. It is now so difficult to write English verse, and one of the reasons is that we admire the very qualities which the Florentine had in all excellence. Though he could compress the most abstruse thought—and the medieval mind could move in circles as intricate as those it conceived, under the Ptolemaic system, to account for the progress of the planets and the turning of their moons—into a single tercet, it is not, I should say, when the thought is most involved that the translator is most tried. It is rather in those terrible and poignant and intense passages, where Dante adds one simple statement to another and each line in its sense seems almost a conversational commonplace. It is the implications of Francesca's

> *Se fosse amico il Re dell' universo*
> *Noi pregheremmo della tua pace,*
> *Poi c'hai pieta del nostro mal perverso*

that are tremendous; so simple is her remark that at first we are aware only of the courtesy and pity of it. Then we know that we have heard a damned woman speaking, and that she has acquiesced in her damnation. The effect is terrible.

Now, supposing that the translator has found a modern skill to convey this passage in all its dignity, simplicity and poignancy, he will still have left something unsaid. For in these lines, and as long as Francesca speaks, the verse trembles, moving as the wind moves on which she with her lover is endlessly blown. In this, Dante is unsurpassed; he learned, of course, from Virgil; but where the Latin poet is usually content merely to enforce his description of natural sounds by apt and imitative harmony (a trick Tennyson could learn), Dante, having once told us of the wind, makes us feel throughout Francesca's complaint its rise and fall, though only once does she mention it. Her punishment is forever present—for in hell it is by the wind, as on earth by their desires, that the lovers are afflicted. This is more than the imitation by sound of sense; the very essence of the scene is in the sound.

An even more remarkable instance of this is to be found at the end of the Brunetto Latini canto. Dante, after he has justly placed Brunetto among the Sodomites, wishes to assert the moral grandeur of the damned man. His intellect approves what he conceived of as the just judgments of God; with his mind he accepts the moral order as Aquinas and other saints and doctors of the Church had defined it. But Dante, as Blake said of Milton, is of the devil's party whether he knows it or not. He is a poet and

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damned. Conscious of the conflict, he uses it for irony, and one of the reasons why the "Inferno" seems to most readers so much more vivid than the "Purgatorio" or the "Paradiso" is because it is only when he is presenting the alienated from God that this irony has full play. (Not, of course, that he ever completely drops it, even in Paradise; his reply to Saint Peter when the latter questions him on his faith is so ironically phrased that the good saint would certainly, had he not long since discarded all human feelings, writhe most uncomfortably.) Now Dante, having dramatically expressed his astonishment at meeting his friend among those who, unrepentant, were given to sodomitical lusts, goes on to accord him every possible courtesy and respect. He goes beneath Ser Brunetto, listening with reverence. But not content with this, Dante means to convey that, however low this man may be sunk in the divine scheme of things, he was, and is by all humane values, high. And he chooses for this purpose an image which at first sight will appear grotesque; he says of Brunetto that when he had done speaking,

> Then he turned back; and he appeared like one
> Who on the plain before Verona tries
> For the green mantle; and of those that run
> No loser seemed, but he who gains the prize.

I quote here from Mr. Lockert's translation. This is a clear and almost literal rendering of the Italian. Mr. Fletcher's is better:

> Then round he swung him, and of those seemed one
> Who across country at Verona race
> For the green mantle; and he seemed to run
> As one there gaining and not losing place.

Much of the movement of the original is there; the repetition of "seemed" is correct; the contrast of "gaining" and "losing," both participles, is clearer; the right emphasis falls on "not." Probably this is as good a translation as one has the right to hope for. And yet much of the effect of the original is gone. The last line of the canto is

Colui chi vince et non colui chi perde.

The verb rather than the participle is an immediate gain in vividness, and more, Dante, knowing that he must weight both *vince* and *perde* as heavily as possible, begins, lines back, to play the *p, v, f* combination, which as any poet knows is the most poignant possible; he includes and varies it with a succession of *n* sounds to enforce his *non*. He also, very adroitly, introduces into his image of the race the phrase *per la campagna,* through the open field, and places it so that it brings into the suffocating air of the burning plain a breath of freshness and of spring (the foot-races of Verona were run at Easter). The effect is strong and triumphant: Brunetto is vindicated against the very edicts of God. But the moral force of the passage, as I have tried to make plain, is in the sound. And when for Dante's music another, or none, is substituted, the sense is no longer the same.

Both Mr. Lockert and Mr. Fletcher have done very well at a task ultimately impossible. Both are aware of the mistakes of earlier translators and, on the whole, have been successful in avoiding on the one hand the false magniloquence of Cary, on the other the abominable flatness of Longfellow. Of the two, Mr. Lockert is the more vivid; his *terza rima* is more satisfactory than Mr. Fletcher's partly rhymed tercets. Mr. Fletcher gains in skill as he proceeds; his "Purgatorio" is better than his "Inferno," his "Paradiso" really excellent. But the greatness of Dante the poet remains in the Italian.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP.

THE LAST METAPHOR

The wind had blown the leaves away and left
The lonely hills and on the hills the trees;
One fellow came out with his mortal miseries
And said: "I'll go where brown leaves drift

"On streams that reflect but cold the evening,
Where trees are bare, the rock is gray and bare,
And scent of the year's declension haunts the air,
Where only the wind and no tardy bird may sing."

He passed by a water, profound and cold,
Whereon remotely gleamed the violent west.
Stark rose the wood about a rocky crest;
Only the wind sang there as he foretold.

So he took counsel of his heart alone
To be instructed of this desolation,
And when the tongue of the wind had found cessation
After such manner he lifted up his own.

"The wind has blown the withered leaves away
And left the hills and on the hills the trees.
These thoughts are leaves which are as memories,
Mementos of the phantom spring's decay

"That bitterly cling if there rise no wind to blow.
I am as the tree and with it have like season."

Again he heard the wind's deep diapason
And spoke again but not in music now.

"Assuredly the planet's tilt will bring
The accurate convulsion of the year—
The budding leaf, the green, and then the sere.
After winter burst the fetid spring,

"After April and the troubled sod
Summer fell on us, and the deathy sheaf,
Autumnal ashes then and the brittle leaf
Whereunder fructified the crackling pod.

"Now flat and black the trees stand on the sky
Unreminiscent of the year's frail verdure.
Purged of the green that kept so fatal tenure
They are made strong; no leaf clings mortally."

Therefore he made one invocation more,
Hoping for winds beyond some last horizon
To shake the tree and so fulfill its season.
Before he went a final metaphor,

Not passionate this, he gave to the chill air,
Thinking that when the leaves no more abide
The stiff trees rear not up in strength and pride
But lift unto the gradual dark in prayer.

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Dirge for a Jazz Baby

Only Yesterday, an Informal History of the Nineteen-Twenties, by Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper and Brothers. 370 pages. $3.

THE TWENTIES didn't even hesitate. Just fanned along. The Dizzy Decade. Time lost track of. An accordion-pleated dream. Things moved, in the twenties. Things arrived. Things went. Things changed in a blending blur of paradisiacal eagle feathers. A terraced uprush of floodlighted skyscrapers with neon crests. A serpentining spiral of mounting quotations emptied from the bubble tops of tickers. A weave and slur of lacquered motor cars, radial-engined amphibians, and receiving sets with 5-element tubes. A rippling aura of golden incandescent signs. A hum of high-tension superpower. A rosy roll of expanding factory smoke.

Sub-developers climbed among the carillons of temple towers and sowed distant marshes broadcast with Ponte Vecchios in stucco over papier mâché and distant beaches with "sand as white as the pure soul of a little child." Halitosis breathed into the Lambert company an added vitality rated at fifteen millions per annum, Forhan's played the 4-5 combination for a bigger net, and pink toothbrush brought a cheerful glow to Ipana's advertising returns. Pabst lost ground in Milwaukee and paps gained recognition on the coasts. The Silver-tongued Exhortator from Nebraska revived God at Dayton, Tennessee, and forgot to use the fan on himself, perishing thereafter. Tunney whipped Dempsey and refused to harm William Lyon Phelps. Lucky Lindbergh flew single to Paris and double to Maine. The Hoover machine cleaned Raskob's coop and shortly began to gather more dirt per minute (d.p.m.) than any other vacuum cleaner in history. Mexico was ennobled into becoming safe for Electric Bond and Share. The home town of International Harvester broke records in the grim reaping business. The tabloids made a million when Daddy Browning jammed, a million when Ruth and Judd were cooked, a million when Somerset County went bust on the Pig Woman, a million on cuties caught in wrong rooms, a million on camera shots of fleeting step-ins, a million on comparative anatomy at Atlantic City and points south and west.

Gin became the nation's favorite gigglewater, and the younger set parked its corsets at home and its sedans on side roads to give it freedom to work. A newer generation began to arrive, provoked by moral Mr. Hays's moral movies and begotten on wheels. Skirts went up with stocks; hair and manners were cropped together. Lovely woman put down her cigarette to reach for her lipstick and put aside the lipstick to reach for a drink. An impulsive old prospector loaned an impressionable old cattleman a hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Mellon was attacked by absent-mindedness, and Mr. Daugherty went home to build a monument to Normalcy's martyred sage. Bruce Barton revealed that Christ was a silent partner in the House of Morgan and made grand grease for the hub of Rotary's wheel. Mr. Hoover demonstrated the difference between a business man and a monkey-business man, and Mr. Coolidge wrote an autobiography showing at great length why he never had anything to say.

A rhapsody in rainbows, that decade, and sudden storms. A carnival with boreal streamers, meteors for confetti, blinding shots of blackness among and between. It started on the tick, January 1, 1920, with a roaring Red Specing from Roosevelt Field to Le Bourget, which amounts and slid across the finish line in a heap, a gin bottle in one hand, a yard of ticker tape in the other, a purple kissmark behind its furry right ear. Or it was borne to the portal of the thirties on a battered sedan door, followed by Mr. Coolidge in a crèped topper and with a 200-word homily, including signature and address, under his arm; its fingers gripping a segment of Chrysler steering wheel, its numbed lips murmuring, "What hit me?"

A distrait decade. Compressed. Crazy. An accordion-pleated dream. Now people are unsticking the sections to see what happened, and when. Reminiscence is in the air. Spreading out the opaque mist of event, the congested huddle of character, the congealed hues of temper and tone. An era must have ended when the bear that nobody knows climbed the bull market that everybody owned, and pulled it down. Better write it while it's fresh. No return on that engagement. No repeat on that order. The twenties —the compressed, the crazy twenties—are done.

Frederick Lewis Allen calls his informal history of the decade "Only Yesterday," and he is right. Yesterday was 1920—or was it 1921? Time lost itself in event, and sometimes events lost themselves in the rush, which perhaps is why Einstein was so easily believed. Mr. Allen opens things up and orders them. Look in his book and be oriented. Time or event—you are bound to be surprised on both counts. You will find events which will seem incredible at first; and when, after considerable reflection, you begin to remember that they really happened, another tussle will arise over the dates that are assigned them. When did the nation go gaga over Mah Jong? Coué? "Yes, We Have No Bananas"? You'll be surprised.

Speaking in his preface of other attempts to picture the decade, Mr. Allen remarks that "Professor Preston William Slosson, in 'The Great Crusade and After,' has carried his story almost to the end of this period, but the scheme of his book is quite different from that of mine." I feel bound to supplement this statement with the opinion that "Only Yesterday" is not only different in scheme from the Slosson volume, but also far fresher, more vivid, better organized, and more flowing in structure and style; more crisp and positive in statement; more comprehensive and better balanced in its selection of material; and at once bolder and more accurate in its effort to record the truth. In "Only Yesterday," the story of ten frantic years flows with inclusive ease from Warren Gamaliel's Normalcy to Herbert Clark's Collapse. Yet, though the chronological order seems undisturbed, there is no garrulous swim of fact and event. Somehow, without perceptible interruption of the flow, Mr. Allen contrives to bring things together which belong together. The job is accomplished so deftly that it seems to have taken place by natural law.

"The Revolution in Manners and Morals," "The Ballyhoo Years," "The Revolt of the Highbrows," "Alcohol and Al Capone," "Home, Sweet Florida," are chapters which obviously cannot fall in with a rigidly chronological scheme of narration. In each of them the author must reach back, bring forward, and push ahead, not to speak of the necessity for summarization and interpretation. Yet in reading the book I did not find myself conscious of a halt in the chronological progress. Like the twenties, but without confusion, the tale just fans along.

The faults I find with Mr. Allen's work are not many and are all minor. He plays up Lindbergh's crossing the Atlantic, which amounts to little, and plays down his fly-

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fetched characterization for an air-mail pilot who left his job only because he thought he had a good chance to win a $25,000 prize. Again, he is a trifle gingerly in his handling of the Hoover legend—humanitarian, economist, engineer. Third, he repeats the judgment that Harding was handsome in the manner of Washington, whereas the roto picture in "Only Yesterday" shows Harding to have been no more handsome than many an elderly ward-heeler with bushy brows, buttoned-back ears and a wattle-flanked chin.

Balanced against these comparative trifles are the facts that Mr. Allen *does* picture Hoover as demoralized by the present situation, and that, probably for the first time, he presents a brief and complete picture of the oil scandals and their consequences and implications. All told, the book is a production of which many a widely touted historian might be proud—though that is not doing the author full justice, for I know of no widely touted historian who could do so fine a job. The roto illustrations are admirable.

MURRAY GODWIN.

"Nigger Fever"

Slave Trading in the Old South, by Frederic Bancroft. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Company (14 Hopkins Place). 415 pages, illustrated. $4.

AFTER THE YEAR 1807, when the importation of slaves from Africa was legally abolished, a brisk interstate trade developed in native-born Negroes. From Maryland and Virginia they were assembled into slave-jails along the Potomac, in the shadow of the Capitol, where they remained until an opportunity arose for shipping them to New Orleans by steamer, or for marching them overland to Natchez by way of the Cumberland Road and the Natchez Trace. From Kentucky and Missouri, Negroes were "sold down the river" to Memphis and New Orleans, whence they were distributed to the fabulously rich plantations then being carved from virgin land in the Yazoo delta and the back country along the Red River. The planters of the Deep South "bought more niggers to make more cotton, to buy more niggers to make more cotton."

These facts are generally known, in spite of the inadequate study devoted to the slave trade since the period of anti-slavery pamphleteering that preceded the Civil War. Yet certain questions remain in the public mind. Is it true that slave owners in the border states raised Negroes for sale, mating them like brood-sows or stallions and fattening them for the market like prime steers? Was the slave trade cruel—and specifically did it involve the general separation of families? And finally, what was the extent and economic importance of the trade in American-born Negroes?

For answers to three of these questions let us turn to Mr. Bancroft's book. "Slave Trading in the Old South" is not to be compared in breadth of view or in organization of material with "American Negro Slavery," by Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, but it is necessary as a supplement and corrective. Professor Phillips, in his long book, devotes exactly eighteen pages to an account of the domestic slave trade. One suspects that this lack of emphasis is possibly explained by a desire to avoid discussing the more disagreeable aspects of slavery; and the suspicion is confirmed when one finds that he scarcely mentions the separation of families—except to remark in passing that "oftentimes a family subject deserves more careful treatment, and receives it from Mr. Bancroft, who dilates, indeed, upon the very features of slavery which Professor Phillips is most inclined to neglect. With the vehemence of a Boston pamphleteer, but with regard for fact and with enormous industry, Mr. Bancroft tells the story of the American trade in black cattle. Let us see whether he can help us to answer our three questions.

Were slaves bred for market?—It was a distinction in the South to own slaves; it was profitable to have those slaves increase. Marriages and informal matings among them were always encouraged. Fruitful women were valued highly. The birth of a pickaninny was an occasion for congratulations from the master, and perhaps a bolt of calico, but this was simply because he was richer by one slave, in a land where slaves were the standard of wealth. It was something of a disgrace to sell them, especially to an interstate trader. But perhaps the master was improvident; he mortgaged his slaves along with his other property, and could not pay the debt. Perhaps he gambled—wagered his tobacco crop and lost, wagered his body servant and lost again. Perhaps, at his death, his estate was divided among distant relatives who had no use for prime field hands. In all these cases, his Negroes came into the market. If they were Maryland or Virginia or Kentucky Negroes, they were probably "sold South," where the demand was greatest. Mr. Bancroft, on the basis of census reports, estimates that the exportation of slaves from the one state of Virginia in the three decades preceding the Civil War was 281,142, a yearly average of about 9,400. There were years when the slave trade brought ten million dollars into Virginia and meant the difference between bankrupt plantations and a mild prosperity. Thus, it can accurately be said that Virginia as a state bred slaves for the market. It is quite possible, however, that no individual in the state ever did so deliberately.

Was the slave trade cruel?—Simon Legree in the flesh, with a curse and a cut of his blacksnake whip for every Negro he encountered, could hardly have prospered in the slave trade. Sadism, for traders, was an expensive vice. Whip marks were regarded with suspicion by purchasers, who sought instead for plump and contented slaves. Traders were not cruel, like soldiers or religious crusaders; they merely sought profit, like business men. The search for profit and for quicker sales led them to divide most of the families that came into their hands.

Mr. Bancroft, who has examined thousands of records, finds that many kind-hearted people sold their slaves for less than the market value, in the effort to find them kind masters and to keep the Negro families united. He doubts whether this effort was always successful. Husband and wife, or father and son, were rarely put on the auction block together. The "families" listed in bills of sale almost always consisted of a mother and her youngest children; boys and girls over eight years old were usually sold alone, and even infants of two or three were sometimes offered for what they would bring. These practices were condoned by the church and by the courts. "The question was put to the Savannah River Baptist Association," says Mr. Bancroft, quoting from Rhodes, "whether in the case that slaves were separated, they should be allowed to marry again. The answer was in the affirmative, because the separation was civilly equivalent to death, and the ministers believed 'that in the sight of God it would be so viewed.'" And the supreme court of North Carolina, speaking through Chief Justice Ruffin, advised that families be di-

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> The Court does not favor sales by executors in large masses. . . . Sometimes, indeed, as much or more can be had when the property is disposed of in one, than in more parcels, as in the instance of a *family* of slaves, when the children are *all* of tender years. But he who conducts such a sale does it at his peril, and must answer for the true value. . . . The executor . . . is not to indulge his charities at the expense of others.

What was the extent of the trade?—There are no statistics of the slave trade, nor are there even data on which a satisfactory estimate can be based. Mr. Bancroft, after studying the census reports of slave population, arrives at what can best be described as a careful guess. He computes that during an average year there were about 23,000 Negroes imported into the Deep South from the border states. Many of these Negroes were sold three or four times during the year, before finding a permanent home. There was also considerable intrastate trading, both in the cotton states and in Virginia. Mr. Bancroft therefore estimates that the total number of transactions in the slave trade would annually be about 80,000 sales, plus 60,000 hirings, with the result that about $65,000,000 would change hands. These figures apply to an average year in the decade before the Civil War. In 1859 and 1860, at the height of the "nigger fever," the trade was much more extensive; it might be estimated at $150,000,000 per year.

"Nigger fever"—these two words describe a state of mind which has never been adequately treated by historians. The chief virtue of Mr. Bancroft's book is that it casts new light upon this neglected phenomenon. In 1857, cotton was selling for 13.5 cents per pound, the highest price it had reached since 1839. Planters hastened to "buy more niggers to make more cotton." The price of black flesh rose steeply. The North Carolina Standard for December 7, 1859, mentioned "a sale of slaves in Mecklenburg County, Va., a few days since. Twelve, including three infants, one Albino, two infirm, and ages ranging from 7 to 50, brought $11,485." Such items were reprinted all over the South. At the sale of the huge Bond estate in Albany, Georgia, which took place a month later, 566 Negroes brought $580,000. Average prices of $1,300 apiece for assorted gangs of Negroes were soon reported. Prime field hands, able bodied but untrained, sold for as much as $2,400 in New Orleans. A preacher in South Carolina bought a carpenter for $3,500, and was offered $4,000 for him the next day. Sometimes $5,000 was bid for "fancy girls"—pretty mulattoes and octoroons—at private sales. The value of slave property as a whole had practically doubled within the last ten years. There seemed to be no limit to the increase in wealth, if only more territory could be procured for the slaves to cultivate, and if only the damned abolitionists could be silenced.

Now, at the height of the "nigger fever," when slave property was most precious and most precarious, vast slave philosophies began to be constructed and projects of aggression to be entertained. Slavery was justified by history, by all the great thinkers, by the Bible itself; it would be an eternal institution. Good should triumph over evil, day over darkness; white would be forever dominant over black. Slavery should be introduced into the North, where the workers were ill fed and discontented. Slavery should redeem the Africans, by transporting more of them into the cotton paradise. A golden circle of slave states would be formed round the Gulf of Mexico: Cuba would be annexed, and Mexico, and Nicaragua. A secret organization formed to advance this project was called the Knights of the Golden Circle. Its leader was General Albert Pike (Nathaniel Bedford Forrest was himself a successful Negro trader) or in Pickett's foot brigade. The atmosphere was being created in which a great war could be fought. And "nigger fever" not only helped to bring on the Civil War; by doubling the value of slave property, it also doubled the blow to the South when slavery was abolished, and therefore led by sharp stages into the miseries of Reconstruction.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Uneasy Paradise

Malaisie, by Henry Fauconnier. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

THE ANNUAL crown of that second French Academy, the Goncourt, was awarded last year to this book, its author's first. It bears few of the stigmata of the conventional novel, either in form or in subject. The final section, indeed, brings events which drive its two meditative protagonists into action, swift and violent. But in all that goes before, it proceeds in the leisurely manner of a book of memoirs: extraordinarily absorbing memoirs, and much enlivened by vivid episodes, but having for their leading theme the education of a French rubber-planter of thoughtful cast in the mysteries of Malay belief and character.

The narrator, Lescale, has followed to this end of earth a wartime acquaintance of a few dangerous hours—Rolain, who had talked, in a shell hole, of Malaya and of the joy of the precarious life. This vague hint of an unknown doctrine profoundly felt and lived by; Rolain's authority in asserting, even so darkly, his elusive grasp upon an *amor fati:* these are causes enough for later flight to the equatorial forests, where life offers "moments of anguish" like those in a ravaged Picardy. In that remote paradise, Lescale "manages" Rolain's small rubber plantation, his immigrant laborers; he listens to the awakening of the jungle at sunrise and under the moon, proceeds from a study of the body and the mind of a Tamil Venus (O altered shade of Baudelaire!) to the probing of the indigenous Malay consciousness: that "soul" which emerges as a country of the mind, a counterpart of Malaya itself, dense with jungle, tortuous with rivers. If there are also occasional roads and plantations, it is only "in spots of mold where men have scratched the surface." In the jungle's deep verdure by day, impenetrable blackness by night, living as if "inhabiting eternity," Lescale awakens under the tutelage of Rolain and their two Malay servants to a gradual understanding of that animism on which layers of Hinduism and Islam have been superimposed during the centuries, as, in the West, he considers other layers of belief to have covered over an ancient paganism whose allegiance is still to Pan.

Leisurely and savorous, these pages accumulate a fund of contemplation, contradiction and uncertainty. In dialogue and soliloquy, there are "lyric arguments" about the nature of human will and individual destiny; the continuity, the "decomposition," even the existence, of personality. The Cartesian article of faith is transformed: "I think, I think—and the 'therefore' is that I no longer know if I am. . . ." And yet, when in the final pages his own Malay servant runs amok, Rolain, the apostle of meditation, acts with all the certitude of a Tiresias who knows his destiny. Lescale is left to ponder, alone, "the idea that destiny is stronger than the human will. . . ."

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whether directly or not, M. Fauconnier has benefited from so unfictional a method as that of Paul Valéry, so truth-telling and far-wandering a spirit as that of Arthur Rimbaud. Its translation—an adequate but very British version by Mr. Eric Sutton—has an interest which need be overshadowed only by the continuation of "Malaisie" in a second volume that has been announced in France.

HANSELL BAUGH.

The Consolations of Biology

The Philosophical Basis of Biology, by J. S. Haldane. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 155 pages. $2.

THE BIOLOGICAL sciences are, it appears, growing restive under the burden of their too rapidly accumulating stores of mere "knowledge about" living matter. Or perhaps it would be wiser to say that certain biologists—notably J. H. Woodger, E. S. Russell, Julian Huxley and J. S. Haldane—observing the bulk and complexity of this knowledge, are becoming anxious about its stability, wondering how to provide it with foundations that will not only support its scientific weight but will carry the extra strain of human values. In brief they are seeking, each in his own way, for a "philosophical basis of biology."

The way of J. S. Haldane, although very seductive, and plotted with a charm all the more insinuating from the authority he commands, is fraught with dangers for the uncritical: his little book seems to have been inspired by what his courteous antagonist, Lancelot Hogben, has called "the too human desire to be *certain* rather than to *know*." As an initial move in the direction of finality, the eminent physiologist candidly admits himself a disciple of Bishop Berkeley: for him the decisive criterion of truth—even "scientific" truth—resides in our individual perceptions, which in turn are governed by our personal interest. That all knowledge is irrevocably subjective has been the odd conviction of many thinkers who seek an *objective* sanction for a personal world view: the fallacy of this solipsism has been repeatedly exposed by the fact that its full acceptance by scientists would have made impossible what little we do know about a stubbornly external universe—including all that Haldane has himself learned, and so ably communicated, in a lifetime of patient investigation of nature.

Going further, Haldane maintains that "life as such is the axiom on which scientific biology depends." Philosophically, this is equivalent to the doctrine made fashionable by General Jan Christian Smuts under the term "holism": applied to biology, the doctrine becomes a refusal to consider the organism "piecemeal," on the assumption that, since every "part" relies for its maintenance upon every other part, and the aggregate of parts upon a constantly "spreading" environment, any attempt to study the organism apart from the environment becomes not only impossible but unscientific. This unwieldy biosophic monism is again seriously discredited by the success of the deliberately piecemeal and mechanist technique followed in every biological laboratory—including the author's. It also involves Haldane in the logical quandary of endowing the environment with "vital" qualities, a difficulty from which he tries to escape by challenging the primacy of physico-chemical laws. Nevertheless, he explicitly repudiates the vitalist doctrine, with its corollaries, teleological interpretation and ethical valuations. The distinction he seeks to establish between subtle, has a surprising resemblance to the famous quarrel, immortalized by Gibbon, between the rival sectaries, Homoosians and Homoiousians. Bishop Berkeley's great contemporary, Dean Swift, also told of a grave schism in Lilliput between the "little-enders" and the "big-enders."

A chapter on "Biological Method Illustrated" shows us Haldane at his best, as an expositor of physiological phenomena. Breathing, blood circulation, oxygen regulation and other functions are described with admirable lucidity: what remains puzzling is the author's erratic shift from the clear facts of observation to the clouded atmosphere of Hogben's "private world": from the How which is the scientist's prerogative to the Wherefore that is everybody's business. And when, in the final chapter on "Biology and Wider Knowledge" Haldane quite seriously maintains that "our universe is not outside of us, because we are not outside of God, and the universe is the progressive manifestation of God"—many readers will suspect that biology has been provided, not with a philosophical basis, but with a metaphysical quicksand.

HAROLD WARD.

Not Quite Fiction

Hurricane, by Nahum Sabsay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THERE ARE two aspects to this practice of furnishing biographies of authors on the wrappers of their books. As far as the reader is concerned, the practice is excellent; it is perhaps a pardonable human weakness to want to know something about the author of a book. But for the reviewer, who is also human, an intimacy thus gained has its disconcerting side. Here, for example, is a new writer, one Nahum Sabsay, the facts of whose life, stated in some detail, would make a grand epic. At fifteen, a sufferer in a Russian pogrom; later, a soldier, serving successively in the Belgian and Russian armies, participating in the awful Carpathian rout in which two million men perished, and in the Brussilov offensive; becoming an officer at the very time when it was most dangerous to be one; lastly, figuring in two revolutions, only to flee from the Bolsheviks to Vladivostok, thence to America by way of Japan and San Francisco; ultimately to find himself studying engineering at Harvard and acquiring English "through the long nights with dictionaries," a night's work frequently yielding "no more than a sentence or two." In short, here is a man who "has gone through hell."

If not deliberately, at least through the accursed subconscious, a reviewer is apt to make a note of this array of facts; all the more, since some of them fall within the scope of the author's story. That the author survives the ordeal is due to his own merit, which in places shines in spite of the overwhelming biography on the jacket. For a sufferer from revolution, he remains curiously detached from the events he describes. His story begins with the February Revolution and the break-up of the army on the Russian Western front, and ends with the Bolshevik victory—the hurricane. As a recorder, Mr. Sabsay is excellent; he seems to feel deeply, but without bitterness; and he writes extremely well, considering that he has had to overcome a medium alien to him. He has caught the spirit of rejoicing which prevailed in Petrograd during the early days of the Revolution, yet the reader is also made to feel that this is the rise of the curtain on tragic events. A pretty love story runs through the book, attaining significance only at the end, which is both heart-breaking and exciting.

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presented so thrillingly by the Bolshevik, Tarasov-Rodionov, in "February, 1917." But unlike the latter, "Hurricane" is a novel; judging it as such, one cannot help feeling that in spite of his chosen mold the author could not quite get away from the mood of authentic autobiography. Indeed, there is a tangible sense of living facts so overwhelmingly dramatic in themselves that only a great artist might transcend them. Mr. Sabsay is something less than that.

JOHN COURNOS.

Don Quixote, Pedagogue

Towards Better Educations, by David Snedden. New York: Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University. 427 pages. $4.

The World We Live in, and How It Came to Be, by Gertrude Hartman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 357 pages. $5.

A REDOUBTABLE gentleman from Teachers College, Columbia University, has recently sallied forth like Don Quixote to rid the world of certain scourges in the field of education. I wish this learned man might have pondered a little over the Cervantes tale. Instead he has hastily girded on his armor—it is labeled "objectivity"—he has mounted his faithful nag, "social realities"—he has called on his lady, "sociological doctrine," and with his trusty lance, "scientific evaluation," he has ridden forth to awful combat.

The giant he pursues with such ferocity wears differing aspects: "creative activity," "project method," "individual growth," "spiritual values"—out upon them all! They have neither validity nor relevance in a realistic world. They are merely windy generalizations to hide confused thinking, sentimental romancing, hot-house pampering, spongy pedagogy. Dewey—in part—Kilpatrick, Nunn, Yeomans, Bode, Rugg, Bertrand Russell, Edward Dean Martin—what a host of otherwise fruitful minds hath the giant held in thrall. On then to release them!

First clear the ground by sweeping assertions. "Contemporary educational thinkers," says Dr. Snedden, "flounder always in confusion and often in rank romanticism because of besetting failures to distinguish sharply and realistically educational purposes from educational methods." Next quote from the works of a score or more of well known educators and then turn and rend their words to shreds. Dewey's pedagogical creed was formed while the social sciences were still in their infancy; it rests therefore on very vague sociological foundations; Kilpatrick exaggerates unwarrantably when he pleads for a changed education to meet the needs of a changed civilization, and so forth. To be sure, approval is given to Dewey's philosophy so far as children under ten are concerned—if indeed such children need to be in any school whatever. But after that age, more disciplines are necessary, more formal preparation for adult concerns.

Of course neither this volume nor yet another will settle the ancient question as to where education shall lay its emphasis—on the individual or on society. Dr. Snedden's myopia when he is discussing creative activity gives us little confidence that he is any more clear sighted when dealing with social realities. Moreover, whatever pertinence there may be in his criticisms of specific practices, it is almost impossible to extract it from the mass of verbiage and jargon which clutters his pages. As a plea for clear thinking, his book is far too obscurely written even for long suffer-

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It is with great relief that one turns from so much dialectics and abstract discussion to a concrete and charming bit of work which real children will welcome everywhere. Miss Hartman, long the editor of Progressive Education, brings to this task the same broad perspective, the same insight into child nature and the same grace of style which made every issue of her magazine distinctive. During her years of editing she came to realize how far theory had outrun practice and how wide is the need for practical aids which embody progressive principles. The book, well illustrated and beautifully printed, is not just another child's history of mankind. Rather it is a straightforward and admirably lucid account of how the earth began and how man gradually obtained control of the stupendous forces around him. It is a story of progress, of invention told in terms of the individuals and events having most to do with each forward step. We see man discovering fire, learning the use of boats, becoming a tiller of the soil, establishing the great civilizations on the Nile, in Greece and in Rome. We follow him through the Middle Ages and feudal times, to the great age of discoveries. We witness the epoch-making inventions of the eighteenth century, and last, in quick dramatic narrative, we come to our own modern inventions, our conquest of space on land, on sea, and in the air above.

Only at the end does Miss Hartman hint that grave problems may have arisen through man's ingenuity. But possibly she is leaving all such discussion to the social-science pamphleteers whose work is so prolific. Or perhaps she herself will essay the task in some later volume. She may tell the story of human thought, of changing philosophies and religions; or perhaps the story of art throughout the ages. The story of mankind needs telling in a multitude of different ways and, judging from this really admirable work, Miss Hartman is competent to deal with it in all its many phases. AGNES DE LIMA.

The Last Proconsul

Leonard Wood: A Biography, by Hermann Hagedorn. New York: Harper and Brothers. 2 vols. 960 pages. $10.

DOCTOR, hunter-down of Geronimo and the Apaches, assistant attending surgeon to President McKinley's invalid wife, coörganizer of the Rough Riders, military governor of Cuba, commander of the Mindanao department in the Philippines, Chief of Staff, organizer of the Plattsburg training camps, candidate for the Republican nomination for President, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, Governor General of the Philippines: such is Leonard Wood's "Who's Who." Although he spent most of his life in the army, there is no evidence that he became an authority on military science. He owed his success, if one may call his career a success, to natural qualities of leadership and to what his friends called "character." He could win the confidence and the affection not only of his personal aides but of large bodies of men. Wood was not a militarist in the sense that he regarded soldiers merely as pawns in a game; he was an ardent nationalist who regarded his men as citizens coöperating with him in protecting the country against the marauders of the outside world.

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to his superiors or to the public in order to win position or praise. He struck hard blows, as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler can testify. Yet despite these qualities—or because of them—Wood did not win the highest prizes. He failed in becoming the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Force and in realizing his aspiration for the presidency; he did not become Harding's Secretary of War. Mr. Hagedorn speaks bitterly of President Wilson's refusal to send Wood to France. His own account shows, however, that the Republicans were no more willing to trust Wood with high authority than were the Democrats.

Despite the uncritical tone of Mr. Hagedorn's otherwise valuable and always interesting biography, the reason for the distrust of Leonard Wood is not difficult to find: he had no tact. As Father Byrne of the Philippines said, "He *puts* his foot down when he might more effectively *slide* it down." Wood made enemies as quickly and as vehemently as he made friends. Senator Mark Hanna was his first distinguished opponent, and General Pershing seems to have been his last. When the Eighty-ninth Division was ordered abroad, Wood was relieved of his command and ordered to San Francisco. He first went to Washington and demanded an explanation from Secretary Baker. There he was told: "General Pershing most positively does not want you in France."

Moreover, while professing to be a soldier, Wood never learned to subordinate himself to superior authority—a fatal military defect. As a young doctor he was dismissed from the Boston City Hospital because he defied the regulations; as a general he disobeyed the injunctions of Secretary Garrison not to indulge in preparedness propaganda which was semi-political in nature. There is a place in the world for rebels and for men with strong convictions; but that place is not the army.

In a sense, Wood was a martyr to his convictions—he preached ideas which were unpopular with his superiors. He paid the price for his beliefs, and are not martyrs and convictions both to be admired? Wood's weakness, however, was that his convictions were discredited before he died. Considerable as were his material accomplishments during the military occupation of Cuba at the end of the Spanish-American War and during his four years as Governor General of the Philippines, Wood did not understand the aspirations of "backward" peoples for self-government. To him the highest blessing such peoples could receive was the continuance of American rule. Consequently he wished to see Cuba annexed to the United States. As military governor of Mindanao province he adopted a policy of stamping out Moro institutions which is partly responsible for the Moro problem today. As Governor General of the Islands he struggled against the autonomy which the Philippines had received from Governor General Harrison. In this struggle, according to Hagedorn, Wood won his "last victory." Yet Hagedorn does not mention the criticism of the Wood regime made by the Carmi Thompson report nor does he state that Stimson, the succeeding Governor General, reversed the Wood policy in favor of a greater degree of self-government.

Wood's deepest passion was preparedness. Like many men of his generation he was eager to shoot the first gun in case of war; and he would gladly have died for his country. He preached that the rights of the nation could be guaranteed only by a policy of force. To a younger generation Wood's romantic conception of war and patriotism has fallen on stony ground. This generation has

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"to die for one's country" is to die for the benefit of the yellow journalists, the war profiteers and those who seek military glory. In the eyes of such a generation General Wood cannot be a great man. Like Henry Adams, yet in a different sense, he was born a century too late.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL.

Pretty Profound Pictures

The Fourth New Yorker Album. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Pretty Pictures, by O. Soglow. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

The Stag at Eve. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

> I suggest: That the author of any article or book on the inward significance of comic-strip artists or any kindred topic be compelled to eat a bound volume of The New Republic.—WOLCOTT GIBBS.

COME, COME, Mr. Gibbs: those are what we Spaniards call major words; and for words less sweeping than those, men have poured out their blood upon the oblivious, wind-swept sands of Estremadura. (I cribbed that from Santayana; but you wouldn't tell on me, would you, Mr. Gibbs?) Anyway, I don't think it was cricket for The New Yorker to print that suggestion of yours. Here I sat, with the latest "New Yorker Album" in front of me, ready to pound out the old reliable review that some one always pounds out at this time of year. I guess you know the review I mean, Mr. Gibbs. It starts by saying that here is a document of the utmost significance to future historians: for here is caught the very form and pressure of that proliferated neurosis which is New York. It goes on to say that here, in this nightmare world of Mr. Arno and the rest, women—their eyes glazed like jewelers' windows, and their jewelry aglitter with chromium plate—loom taller and more angular than the frail skyscrapers among which they seek their prey. Here whole generations that never saw moon and stars, unless on the ceiling of Tony's, live by taking in one another's wit; and the highest felicity known to these claustrophiliacs comes when, Yorkville forgotten, they crowd between the thin partitions of Park Avenue, where they can overhear, and be overheard by, only the most interesting people. Yes, Mr. Gibbs, I thought that review might be patched up to last through one more season; for times are hard, bitter hard, and we poor reviewers have hungry mouths to feed. Surely, the way things are going now, you wouldn't make us eat a lot of our own words, would you?

Well, then, lean over my shoulder while I go through "The New Yorker Album"; and do be sure to call my attention to some of your old favorites. Not so fast, Mr. Gibbs; I know how impatient you writers are, but we reviewers are supposed to be impartial. Give me time to read Mr. Benchley's foreword—I always read his stuff in Judge. What's that? Mr. Benchley never wrote for Judge? Dear, dear, I must be losing my grip. Of course he didn't. Now I come to think of it, I don't read Mr. Benchley any more, since he has gone on the stage. Oh, he hasn't? I'm thinking of Alexander Woollcott, am I? I'm sorry: let's look at the pictures. Here's one of those unconscious drawings that Mr. Thurber does: "I'm the finest man she's ever known, fellows." Why, that doesn't make sense; those two fellows the poor drunk is sobbing at can't hear him, for they're out cold on the table. Oh, so

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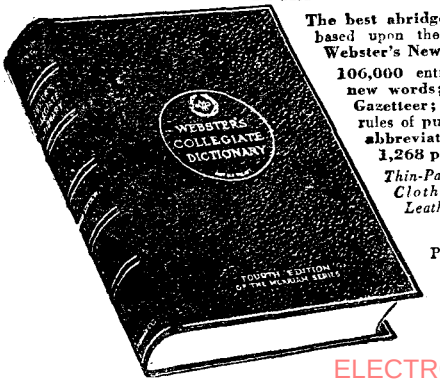

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that's the whole point, is it? The poor chap has lowered the threshold of his self-consciousness with gin, and now he's *rationalizing* a psychosis. What a lot you have to know before you can get a spontaneous laugh out of these pictures, even the simple ones. Don't you, really? Well, maybe you're right: perhaps this sort of humor can only be enjoyed to the full in Manhattan itself, in the toils of that enforced leisure which you New Yorkers call through-traffic. There, while the meter ticks on, never skipping a beat, and your train pulls away without you, you may learn to relish the febrile humor of dissolving views and staccato phrases. Among skyscrapers, eavesdropping is the last recourse of sanity.

And now, Mr. Gibbs, just one more moment of your time. I have here two other books: "Pretty Pictures," by O. Soglow ("the O. Henry of cartoonists," I believe they call him) and "The Stag at Eve," a nonesuch by various hands with but a single thought. There is very little to be said about Mr. Soglow's book; for the best things that are in it are included also in "The New Yorker Album," where they show to better advantage. Mr. Soglow performs well enough in a troupe, but as a solo artist he is depressing. "The Stag at Eve" I find more difficult to pass upon. It is said to contain "eighty-nine pictures for grown-ups"; and so, I suppose, it does, if you measure the tastes of grown-ups by elapsed time rather than by mental age. I am of the opinion that "The Stag at Eve," at $3 the copy, is a prime example of Chic Salesmanship. Have you anything to suggest, Mr. Gibbs? You prefer not to be quoted? Thank you very much.

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Book Notes

BELLES LETTRES

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF LEARNING, 1904-1929, edited by Dixon Ryan Fox. *New York: Columbia University Press. 380 pages. $3.50.*

On the occasion of the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Columbia University, seventeen Columbia professors summed up in hour lectures the advance of knowledge during the preceding twenty-five years in their respective fields. These lectures have now been edited in a volume that is a highly successful piece of popularization. Besides treating fields in which the progress of knowledge is seldom summarized for the general reader, the volume offers, in some of the papers, the self-criticism of scholars in regard to their own specialties. Two fields are conspicuous for their absence—mathematics, omitted doubtless because it could not be popularized; and philosophy, omitted possibly because it is not considered as knowledge.

THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN ENGLISH: Essays and Comments, edited by M. M. Mathews. *University of Chicago Press. 181 pages. $2.50.*

This book consists largely of observations made by various authors between 1780 and 1870 on the use of English in America. It is a by-product of the dictionary of American English undertaken some years ago by Sir William Craigie, editor of "The Oxford English Dictionary." It was at his suggestion that Mr. Mathews, a member of his staff, collected this baker's dozen of utterances, and presented them with an introduction, notes and glossary. They include the three "Druid" papers by President Witherspoon of the College of New Jersey (Princeton), inventor of the term "Americanism" and first to discuss the phenomenon at length; Noah Webster's letter of 1809 defending the inclusion of 5,000 new words in his dictionary; David Humphrey's earliest glossary of Americanisms, 1815; John Pickering's more learned

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the same theme. Other commentators from the South, the Southwest and the West supplement these from the Northeast. James Fenimore Cooper is drawn on for a passage from "The American Democrat," 1838; and Captain Marryat for part of his "Diary in America," 1839. The introduction to Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms," 1848, rounds out the list. The volume is interesting for various reasons. The essays have their intrinsic appeal; the whole volume throws some light for the amateur on the method with which the greater work is being pursued; the introduction is informing; and the index, which also serves as a glossary of some 1,400 words alluded to in the text, makes it a work for ready reference. It is, therefore, a book with which the casual reader may easily while away an hour, as well as one which belongs on the shelves of the scholar.

Biography

DECATUR, by Irvin Anthony. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 319 pages. $3.50.*

Stephen Decatur is more famous for his own pompous utterances and for the pompous utterances made about him than he is for his great skill as a naval commander or for blowing up the "Philadelphia" in the harbor of Tripoli. The author explains in his preface that he has taken the liberty, to prevent Decatur from seeming no more than a martinet, of filling in the gaps in the hero's life with what he calls "lyricism." This lyricism consists principally of an excitement over "sweet ships" and attributing to Decatur processes of thought that make him sound like a character out of one of Hergesheimer's historical novels. Of the actual life of the times, the conditions that were allowed to provoke the War of 1812, and the society which produced a man like Decatur, there is nothing. Decatur died in a duel with a man who thought himself wronged by naval procedure; but the author does not give us more than a glimpse of this procedure.

EDMUND BURKE: A Biography, by Robert H. Murray. *New York: Oxford University Press. 434 pages. $4.75.*

Mr. Murray's life and times of Burke, the first detailed treatment of the subject since Macknight's third volume in 1860, takes a deal of reading. It is compiled in a manner which the charitable might call exhaustive or thoroughly documented, but which deserves to be called pedantic; for pedantry consists in the vain pursuit of foregone conclusions; and Mr. Murray, who can resist no opportunity to digress, devotes whole chapters to the repainting of backgrounds that are not faded and the reviving of reputations that have never died. Here those who do not know that Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll," may learn that Garrick was a wit; but more exacting readers will look in vain for a rounded portrayal of Edmund Burke, supreme reconciler of life and letters, of whom it may be said more truly even than of Milton, that with him art was imagined action and action was art that was really lived.

HENRY CHARLES LEA: A Biography, by Edward Sculley Bradley. *Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 391 pages. $5.*

Professor Bradley has written a straightforward but uninspired and avowedly uncritical account of the life and work of the distinguished Philadelphian whom Viscount Bryce called "one of the three greatest historians of the world"—an appraisal which still does not seem extravagant. Lea, in his monumental "History of the Inquisition," accomplished with approximate definitiveness a task of huge scope before which his ablest European contemporaries quailed and retreated into specialization; he achieved international recognition as a historian coincidently with an active and successful career as publisher, man of affairs and ardent political reformer; he was also something of a poet; and he did his most important work in the last decade of a life which ended at eighty-four. Lea had the advantage of inherited wealth and position, the handicap of uncertain health; to a grandiose capacity for work he added the clear distinction of mind which enabled him to write, forty years ago, "Crime is largely conventional, dependent not on an eternal and imperceptible moral law, but on

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the environment in which a portion of mankind happens at the time to be placed"—and with this point of view to become one of the great pioneers in the scientific method applied to history. Despite this pronouncement, Lea spent many years in fighting local and national political battles—against the spoils system, against the income tax, against Bryan, in favor of the high tariff—which seem rather futile in retrospect. Mr. Bradley's conventional volume is hardly sufficient even for its limited purpose; a more intimate and more critical study of both the man and his work would seem to be in order.

NELSON, by Clennel Wilkinson. *New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 322 pages. $3.50.*

Mr. Wilkinson is an authority on naval warfare and an avowed hero-worshipper of Nelson. This book deals with Nelson's achievements rather than his personality; it is written for the general reader, and does not contain new facts or interpretations. It is too crammed with detailed descriptions of battles to be easy reading; but the style is delightful, and the judgments sane and reliable. This is probably the best short biography of Nelson in existence.

History

THE COLONIAL BACKGROUND OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, by Charles M. Andrews. *New Haven: Yale University Press. 220 pages. $2.50.*

Observing that "a revolutionist who is unsuccessful is likely to be condemned as a criminal, whereas he who succeeds is sure to be dubbed a patriot," Professor Andrews turns wearily from the screams of the American eagle to write four realistic essays on the American Revolution. The first essay analyzes the motivation and nature of the colonizations, the second examines the mother country's colonial policy, the third interprets the frictions which produced the explosion of 1775, and the fourth comments generally on all three topics and their maltreatment by emotional historians. Professor Andrews finds that the chief cause of the revolt was the absence of a British "empire policy": the British mercantilists were unable to see that their colonial profits would not be endangered by granting colonial self-government. Because Professor Andrews has not enlarged our flood of patriotic pap, he may be called an Anglophile, yet there is nothing flattering to Britain in these essays. Indeed, he shows that she lost her richest colonies because her statesmanship was lumbering half a century behind the march of empire. The present volume is a revised edition embodying only inconsequential changes from the 1924 original.

THE FALL OF THE KAISER, by Maurice Baumont. *Translated by E. Ibbetson James. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 256 pages. $2.75.*

The expectation aroused in the reader by the French authorship of this book, that he is about to be treated to a display in the best Gallic style of a blazing malice and irony, is doomed to disappointment. With the most complete detachment imaginable, the author seeks to establish the actual course of the events in the autumn of 1918 which culminated in the overthrow of the Kaiser and his flight to Holland. By examining and comparing the accounts of innumerable eye-witnesses, he is able to produce a convincing story without any trace whatever of subjective coloring. In short, here is a historian with an old-fashioned interest in truth unadorned with the current flourishes borrowed from journalism and psychology.

Poetry

MINNIE MAYLOW'S STORY, and Other Tales and Scenes, by John Masefield. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 194 pages. $2.50.*

Here is more of John Masefield—and nothing very new, save that the poet grows more the laureate in his choice of themes: Tristan, the wild swan, a princess to be won through running a race, Penelope and Ulysses (after the manner of the romantic poets). Most of these tales and scenes are written in a very capable Chaucerian rhythm, sometimes rime royale, sometimes couplets. Certain of the stories are like the old Masefield—tales of English village life and adventure. But, for the most part, the book is made up of stories and legends the pattern of which has long been reappearing in English literature. And whether the poet treats of legendary lover or of village half-wit, the result is always the same—the Masefield brand of romantic narrative.

SELECTED POEMS, by Glenn Ward Dresbach. *New York: Henry Holt and Company. 260 pages. $2.50.*

Many readers of contemporary verse will find Mr. Dresbach's work refreshing in the midst of so much of the crude, the muddy and the perverse too often excused by the term "modern." The traditional forms of his expression are always skillfully wrought. He has a marked gift for seeing and reporting, often with lyrical color and grace, the visible aspects of the natural world. Both his eyes and his report are accurate and his impressions are interesting, even when they fail to produce either emotional or intellectual excitement.

SPEAKING AT SEVENTY, by Mary E. Bulkley. *San Francisco: The Grabhorn Press. $1.50.*

Most poems about old women, like Villon's address to his mother, have been written from the outside. These twelve sonnets, "Speaking at Seventy," are the words of a woman who has lived ardently and can look back over her own ardor with wise tolerance. First published in The Carmelite, in Carmel, California, they were reprinted in part in San Francisco papers, where they attracted the interest of Fremont Older; they have now appeared in a limited edition. They are compact in substance, expressing the reflections of age with a vigor that is still fresh.

STRICT JOY, by James Stephens. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 53 pages. $1.25.*

Stephens at his best has seemed one of the few legitimate heirs of Blake. Each brings to bear on sorrow and joy the touchstone of a native innocence, and each achieves, however they vary in degree, an enchantment through art, by an effect of pure artlessness. Although the present volume does not contain anything equal to the finest of the poet's earlier work, there is still much here of interest to his appreciators.

Science

THE INSECT MENACE, by L. O. Howard. *New York: The Century Company. 340 pages. $3.50.*

Dr. L. O. Howard, long the chief entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, here repeats in detail and with a wealth of evidence his familiar thesis regarding the warfare between insects and humankind. He believes that we are engaged in a struggle for existence in which it is by no means sure that the insects will not win. In the meantime, he points out the enormous waste caused annually by the needless destruction of crops and by other insect depredations, and describes the methods of fighting insects which he considers most effective.

AN OUTLINE OF THE UNIVERSE, by J. G. Crowther. *New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 376 pages. $3.50.*

The author of this ambitiously named volume—which has been commended by no less a personage than Lord Rutherford—considers it to be "an essay in a craft still sufficiently new to be ill defined, the craft of scientific journalism." To distinguish this from the bulk of scientific writing conceived in terms of "entertainment and religion" he thus defines its function: "to convey the atmosphere and facts of recent scientific research to the public, the conveyance of atmosphere being the more important part." Bearing this ideal in mind, he proceeds to show his readers around the universe. He begins—as usual—with the remote glory of the heavens, and returns to earth via atoms, electrons and radio-activity (geology is rather inexplicably omitted); he continues with the biological sciences, to end up in half a dozen short chapters on psychology, human societies and civilization. Considering this immense range, the material has been competently selected, and the presentation is clear, despite the inevitable oversimplification of the more abstruse sections.

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The Social Sciences

THE EVOLUTION OF CULTURE, by Julius Lippert. *Translated and edited by George Peter Murdock. New York: The Macmillan Company. 748 pages. $5.*

Julius Lippert's is one of the great names in German sociological literature. He is the author of numerous books and monographs on the history of religion, the priesthood, the family, manners and customs, as well as on the social and economic history of Bohemia, his native country. His most comprehensive work, the 'Kulturgeschichte," appeared more than forty years ago, and has been translated into several languages, including the Hebrew. The book before us is an abridged edition of that work, and treats mainly of religion and the family. Even in the simplified translation, the style is rather cumbersome. But Lippert's erudition is so vast and his scientific ability so great, that many a reader will regret the omission of large sections of the original work.

SOURCE BOOK IN ANTHROPOLOGY, edited by A. L. Kroeber and T. T. Waterman. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 571 pages. $4.50.*

First published about ten years ago as a syllabus for students in the anthropological sciences, this volume has been reissued with many changes and improvements which greatly increase its value as a reference book. The selections, ranging from Herodotus to Margaret Mead, include such authorities as Darwin, Huxley, Galton, Hrdlicka, Tylor, Boas, Wissler, Rivers and the editors; the life of societies is presented from many angles: evolution, race and heredity; prehistory, economics; social, esthetic and religious culture. Geographically the sweep is comprehensive, although the preponderance of material dealing with the American continent somewhat disturbs the balance. Very wisely, the editors have omitted material that is definitely interpretative or controversial, feeling that in a young science there is more need of the inductive than of the a-priori approach. The result is a volume which, despite many evident limitations in scope and method, provides an excellent introduction to what Sumner and Kellor have called "the science of society."

Fiction

MAID IN WAITING, by John Galsworthy. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*

Mr. Galsworthy has achieved a recipe, as much his own as was Trollope's, for giving what may be called novel-reader satisfaction. The present book contains the approved ingredients, English country and country houses, a dash of London, English gentlefolk of two generations, the older with pre-war humor and prejudices, the younger conspicuously without them. Dinny, the "Maid in Waiting," is a quite lovely translation from Botticelli's canvas; and there is an improbable American paleontologist who we guess might be Senator Hiram Bingham. The story stirs these elements to mild effervescence.

SPECIAL HUNGER, by George O'Neil. *New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.*

In this novel, George O'Neil, a poet in his own right, gives us Keats as a youth in the midst of his brief and tragic struggle of adjustment to a world which made no provision for genius. Mr. O'Neil succeeds, through the sensitive adjustment which he as a poet can make to a poet's feeling for the physical world, in taking Keats out of the cold region of the critics and in having him live. We see the young poet spurred to self-expression when nothing—no certainty of fame, no sincere criticism, nothing but his inner compulsion—directed his writing. We are, moreover, given a very human version of the love between Keats and Fanny Brawne: in Mr. O'Neil's interpretation, Fanny was Life to the young poet at the very time when he faced death.

THIRTEEN MEN IN THE MINE, by Pierre Hubermont. *Translated by L. H. Titterton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.*

In a simple but forceful style, Pierre Hubermont portrays the daily life of the exploited workers in a Belgian mine, gives a Thirteen men, imprisoned in the mine by an explosion, are deliberately walled in, sacrificed in order to smother the fire and save the capital investment. The specious excuse offered by the owners is that otherwise the lives of four hundred men would be uselessly endangered. The other four hundred, once safely out of the mine, refuse to accept this explanation. They rush to the pit mouth to rescue their comrades, only to encounter a squad of armored cars bristling with machine guns. . . . M. Hubermont, an ex-miner himself, has handled his story skillfully and simply; the characters of the miners, of the salaried engineers, of the owners bent on protecting their property at any cost, are accurately indicated; the story moves swiftly from its beginning at dawn in a miner's cottage till its end at sunset, outside the shaft which has become a tomb.

TWO PEOPLE, by A. A. Milne. *New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.*

At its best, "Two People" is competently written comedy, treating of the difficulties of a successful author in his relations with his wife, his publisher, and the group adapting his novel for the stage. Very slight complications are evoked, and interest is maintained by the unusual device of presenting them as always on the verge of being permanently settled. The entire book reads like the last chapter of a story that ends very happily, with the incidental humor sometimes sentimental and occasionally reaching distinction as pure nonsense.

Contributors

Johnston MacAdams is a retired newspaper publisher and former manager of the Chamber of Commerce of Sarnia, the city whose electrical system he describes in the present issue.

Serge Eisenstein, the Russian director whose production of "Ten Days That Shook the World" and "Potemkin" received universal praise, is at present in Mexico preparing a film of Mexican life which Edmund Wilson described in a recent issue of The New Republic.

Paul Blanshard is an executive director of the City Affairs Committee of New York and a lecturer and writer on political subjects.

Sylvester G. Gates, an English barrister, combines a first-hand knowledge of the Sacco-Vanzetti case with the fresh point of view of one who approaches it from the British legal tradition. While attending the Harvard Law School as a Commonwealth Fund fellow during 1925-1927, he followed the case in all its details.

John Peale Bishop, author of "Green Fruit" and co-author of "The Undertaker's Garland," recently won a prize of $5,000 awarded by Scribner's Magazine for "Many Thousands Gone," a long short story published in book form last spring.

Robert Penn Warren, author of "John Brown: The Making of a Martyr" and "Kentucky Mountain Farm," a book of poems, is teaching at Vanderbilt University.

Hansell Baugh, who has visited the scene of the novel he reviews in this issue, recently completed a translation of Rimbaud's prose. At present he is writing a biography of Henry James the elder.

Harold Ward has contributed articles and reviews on the history and philosophy of the sciences to The Nation, The New Freeman, The New York Times Book Review and other magazines.

John Cournos, author of "The Mask," "The New Candide" and other books, will publish this coming spring a two-volume novel, "The Devil Is an English Gentleman," under the imprint of Farrar and Rinehart.

Agnes de Lima, who lives in California, is the author of "Our Enemy the Child," and a contributor of social and educational articles to various periodicals.

Raymond Leslie Buell, research director of the Foreign Policy Association and author of several volumes on international affairs, is at present working on a social and political history of Central America.

George Libaire, who contributed frequently to The New Freeman, is an assistant professor of English at St. Stephen's College of Columbia University.

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